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The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

Vol. I.—No. 46.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

Last week added another to the already long list of disasters on land, lake and sea afforded by railways and steamers. This time it was Canada's turn. A small paddle wheel steam tug, *John Fraser*, had been used on Lake Nipissing for general passenger purposes; she was then sold and afterwards employed to deliver supplies to the lumber shanties and bring back rafts of logs to the mills at Cache Bay. On Tuesday, the 7th instant, when on her way from Callendar, towing a scow filled with supplies, fire broke out in the engine room. The alarm was at once given, and efforts made to quench the flames, but in vain. One of the boats was thereupon lowered and sixteen or eighteen men got into her, when she drifted into the paddle wheel and was capsized. Of the men who were thrown into the water by this accident only one was saved. Some were struck by the paddle wheel and stunned, some were hampered by their clothes in their efforts to swim, and sank to rise no more. A man named John Adams alone reached the scow, upon which four direct from the steamer had found a refuge, and these were subsequently joined by two more, making a total of seven saved out of twenty who were on board.

By a collision between the Western Transit Company's steamer *Albany* and the Anchor Line steamer *Philadelphia* on the 7th instant 24 lives were lost and both vessels sunk in 200 feet of water off Point aux Barques in Lake Huron.

One must go abroad for news, and nothing could be fresher than Dr. Douglas' views upon any question in which Catholic interests are concerned. In an interview the other night the Dr. expressed his belief that "the time would come when Catholics, emancipating themselves from the influence of the clergy, would abandon sectarianism in educational affairs. The tendencies of the times were all in that direction. This was proved by the liberal attitude of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, and their liberal action was generously met by the Protestants of the United States." The generosity this time consists in recognizing the rights of Catholic teachers when properly qualified. Heroic generosity, forsooth! For which our co-religionists across the line ought to be forever grateful, that legally qualified teachers are allowed to hold their position. Yet not always, as witness Detroit, which would not have a Catholic in its schools. "Equal Rights" in Canada, and A.P.A. in the United States have great ideas of fair play and generosity.

The millennium of Catholic emancipation to which the Dr. looks forward with prophetic eye is so far

distant that it is hardly worth while speculating about it. Any one may read of that time if he takes up the Book and recalls the Master's words. "When the Son of Man cometh, think you He will find faith upon the earth?"

A speech by the Italian Premier, Signor Giolitti, is alluded to by the European press as the "swan's song." However sincere his promise to restore financial equilibrium may have been a year ago, it was self-condemned by the announcement of a considerable increase in the already crushing burthens. The Triple Alliance will soon turn out like the great Triumvirate. Caesar will alone rule and Caesar is Germany. Insisting that the Italian loan be made at Berlin and interfering in the domestic policy of Italy while Italian silver drifts to France, show that the Emperor is making a cat-paw of the country. The Premier announces fresh demands upon the pocket; succession duties are to be increased; progressive income tax is to be introduced; and lastly, customs are to be collected in gold. This last is equivalent to an increase of twelve or thirteen per cent.

The bank scandals formed an important paragraph in the speech, which did not touch upon the revelations made lately by the incriminated director, Signor Tamlongo. A more serious subject was the condition of Sicily, which is in a state of anarchy. Socialists, brigands, laborers have all united in a general conspiracy against society to the number of a quarter of a million of men. Even the military forces sent there are powerless to preserve peace. They came to put down brigandage, but are employed by the landed aristocracy against the half-starved peasants. The picture drawn of the miners is especially sad: men, women and children starving all day in the fetid atmosphere of sulphur mines, and returning home in the evening physically worn out and faint from hunger only to find nothing to eat. This is the condition in which fertile Sicily, after one generation of Italian rule, has been reduced.

The nearing prospect of Italy being involved in war raises a question to which no Catholic can be indifferent: How will it fare with the Supreme Pontiff in such an event? According to Freemason journals in Italy the Pope's leaving Rome does not depend upon his wishes, but upon the Italian Government who would not permit it under any consideration. What fate is likely to overtake him who sits on Peter's throne, and what will happen to the great treasures of Christianity, may be judged by the following extract: "In the event of Italy going to war and meeting with a reverse, of

the Vatican there would not be left a stone upon a stone, nor would any official force avail to guarantee the lives of its inmates." Who will say, after such prophecy, that Freemasonry is not Judaic and anti Christian?

"The times are perilous," writes the *Philadelphia Standard*, "but we have no fear of the final issue. History over repeats itself. What has been will be. God is all powerful; His arm has not been shortened, nor will He ever fail to preserve, protect, and defend His Church. If the Catholic peoples of the world fail, for the sake of the true religion, to intervene, God will raise up deliverers among other peoples, and in the interests of humanity and civilization non Catholic nations will rush to the rescue."

A very eminent English Jesuit, Father John Morris, was called suddenly to his reward on the morning of the 22nd ult. He had been staying at Wimbledon quietly preparing matter for the life of Cardinal Wiseman, upon which he was engaged. The day was Sunday and Father Morris was to preach. He had nearly finished his sermon when he was seen to gasp for breath. Some gentlemen rushed forward just in time to catch him, and carried him into the sacristy where there was only time to administer conditional Extreme Unction, so sudden was the end.

Father Morris was born in 1826 near Goa, and was the son of a gentleman in the East India Service. At an early age he was brought to England where he was educated, at Harrow first and then at Cambridge, where he had for tutor F. A. Paley, who afterwards also became a Catholic. At the end of his first year's undergraduate Mr. Morris was received into the Church. His conversion formed the subject of a debate in Parliament. After studying at Rome he was ordained and assumed duty in the diocese of Northampton. He subsequently became private secretary to Cardinal Wiseman, with whom he remained until the death of his Eminence. In 1867 he entered the Jesuit novitiate. His great learning, especially in Canon Law, made him a man much sought after both by Bishops and lawyers. For some years he was at the Jesuit house on Farm street, London. He had a very easy gift of language; and besides several books which he wrote, he was a well known contributor to *The Month*, the *Dublin Review* and *The Tablet*. *Requiescat in pace.*

The verdict of the State elections last week was decidedly anti-Democrat, much more so than would have been expected, for the party suffered disaster throughout all the North and

West. New York gave a majority of 75,000 against Maynard as Judge in the Court of Appeal, and 20,000 for a general Republican ticket. Later despatches announce that the Senate of the Empire State will stand, Republicans, 19; Democrats, 18; and that the Assembly will consist of 74 Republicans and 54 Democrats. McKinley carried Ohio with a majority of 80,000. Massachusetts and New Jersey have voiced the same opinion, and in Chicago and Brooklyn the Republican gains have been as clearly pronounced. Iowa has also returned to the Republican ranks.

That the hard times has something to do with the change, it may be; that the A. P. A. counts for something is not to be overlooked; but to explain the complete revolution of party vote is to introduce factors of a purely local and arbitrary character. The Republicans are the monied men—they hold the springs of manufacturers, and kept them from moving at a time when business difficulty was sure to involve the party in power. They took a much better stand on the question of the silver repeal clause than their opponents; for while the Democrats were divided, the Republicans showed a solid for what was—so far as popular will went—a foregone conclusion.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has forwarded a subscription of £50 to the Evicted Tenants' Fund with a letter saying: "Now, indeed, more perhaps than ever before, it is something of a relief to be able to turn towards any point of common ground on which all Irish Nationalists may be able to unite for an object of national interest, no matter upon which side they may happen to stand of those lines and cross lines of division that now split up the forces of Ireland into sections, in whose conflicts the energies of the nation are being frittered away."

Archbishop Croke of Cashel has sent £25 to the same fund in answer to the appeal of the Chairman of the Irish Party. His Grace writes: "But now that the field is, as far as I can judge, still practically vacant, I feel called upon to do one man's duty in the matter without delay, and pray you, accordingly, to take charge of the enclosed cheque for £25—my subscription to the contemplated fund."

That staunch defender of Catholicity, the *Moniteur de Rome*, after twelve years spent in a glorious fight for the Vicar of Christ, has been done to the death by the free (?) Government of Italy. Not satisfied with suppressing two of its leading articles lately, in which it criticised ably the disastrous state of the country, its adversaries have cried out for its complete abolition. They have succeeded—and the *Moniteur*, as such, is no more. In its last number it declared that it would appear soon in a new form.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Tolerance and Intolerance—Those who are Favored, and Those who are Ostracized—The Sons of William and the Sons of England share the Spoils The "Papist" Pays the Piper.

Is there not something paradoxical in the position of the Protestant Church in her relations with the Catholic Church? The Protestants claim that while they liberally confess that the Catholics have some chance of reaching Heaven if they conduct themselves in a proper and Christian manner, they contend that the Catholics deny them the slightest hope of attaining Paradise. It is never of any use to contradict this popular impression. If you deny it you are insulted with the statement that you are ashamed of this belief of your co-religionists.

But the course pursued by the Protestant Church is at variance with the position it takes in reference to this question. Protestant missions are chiefly interested in Catholic countries, but what do they accomplish? The results are certainly discouraging. The only proselytes they make soon become infidels. The Protestant Church should devote more attention to its own members.

In the course of twenty-five years passed among Protestants, (for the great majority of my co-labourers were Protestants) I have heard about one in twenty express implicit belief in the existence of God and a future life. The others were doubtful, or sneered at what they termed "doubtful theories." In those twenty-five years I have met but one Catholic who was inclined to doubt the great truth taught by the Scriptures.

Now, the efforts of the Catholic missions are almost entirely confined to the conversion of the heathens. There is no organized effort directed towards the conversion of the Protestants. The Protestants who join the Catholic Church are generally drawn to it by their own intelligence and by unsolicited enquiry. Well, where do these facts place the contention of Protestants that Catholics believe the members of the Christian Church outside of their own have no chance of Heaven, while they freely admit that Catholics may cherish some hope if their conduct is becoming a Christian.

If the Protestants really believe this why do they not leave the Catholics alone and limit their attentions to the heathens? The Catholic missions, believing that the salvation of the Protestants depends upon themselves, do not trouble about them, but confine their efforts to the conversion of the heathens, who are without knowledge.

I have been employed in Catholic newspaper offices as well as Protestant, both as printer and journalist. In the Catholic offices there is no difference in the treatment of the men Protestant or Catholic. This is not the case in Protestant offices. In the Catholic offices the matter of religion is never touched upon. A man might be employed for ten years in a Catholic office and never hear the subject broached. In a Protestant office there is but one subject tolerated, and that is religion. Either in joke or earnest it is always the subject of conversation or dispute. If I am making a new friend or new acquaintance I can tell very soon whether he is a Catholic or a Protestant. If he is not curious about my religion he is a Catholic. If he is inquisitive he is certain to be a Protestant.

I can give you an illustration. Shortly after my arrival in Montreal, about ten or twelve years ago, I formed the acquaintance of a young man who was then engaged as clerk in Detective Fancy's office. For two years we were close companions, and were almost always together. In fact for several months we boarded in the same house, and occupied adjoining rooms. Shortly after I returned to Toronto this young man came also,

and found employment here. For five years more we met nearly every day, and were frequently together at nights. For these long seven years I never knew what religion he was, and he never knew what religion I belonged to. The only thought I gave to the matter was that he was a Protestant, for his name was not Catholic. He also thought I was a Protestant, for my name, except with Irishmen, is not very definite.

Now, this is the way in which we finally discovered that we were co-religionists: I was on the road to Hamilton one day to report the consecration of Bishop Carberry at that city. I met my friend on the train. He was then a commercial traveller. The character of my mission, of course, brought the matter up—and out. Would this have taken place on the other side? I think not.

There is only one place in the whole of Britain's dominions where a fair spirit is displayed. This is in the army. There is not in the several branches of the service any inquisitiveness respecting a man's religion. Indeed, as the men are marched to their respective churches every Sunday morning. There is no prejudice relating to a man's religion except among the few North of Ireland Protestants who find their way into the army, and who are always bitter. There are never many Orangemen in the army. Their martial ardour has been dormant since the Battle of the Boyne, and even then it was not sufficiently strong to win them any glory. The part they played in the conflict was a very ignoble one. If the War Office had to depend on the Orangemen for recruits to the army Britain would be at the mercy of her enemies.

In proof of the liberal spirit prevailing in the different corps I will mention three instances which came under my notice. A Protestant couple were god-father and god-mother for the second child of my parents, a daughter, who died and was buried at Quebec. On the trip from Montreal to Toronto on the steamer *Banshee* another daughter was born. The captain of the boat was not only anxious that the child should be christened immediately, but that she should be named after the vessel. Both requests were granted, and the child was only five or six hours old when she was baptized by a minister of the Church of England, the only clergyman on board. The god-parents were the captain of the boat and the wife of the caterer of our officers' mess, both Protestants. Subsequently, while in Toronto, my father and mother were requested to become the god-parents of a child of Protestants. They did so, the ceremony taking place at St. John's church, on Stewart Street.

In the regimental schools, however, there was some degree of injustice. The regulations compelled the appointment to the position of schoolmaster only a member of the Church of England. This was especially unfair to our regiment, which was an Irish corps, and consequently chiefly Catholic. The great majority of the children in the school were Catholic. The schoolmaster was a moderate and generous man, but he considered it his duty to give us every morning what was termed a "sacred history lesson," at which he frequently related to us the alleged gross immoralities of the nuns, the monks and the priests. At our early age we did not clearly know to what church we belonged, and were not aware that nuns, monks and priests were peculiarly Catholic orders, so we accepted all we were told.

This was a public school, inasmuch as children of all Christian denominations attended it. If a union of the schools was accomplished here the situation would be much the same as that which prevailed over the regimental school of the British army.

A few Catholic teachers might be admitted, but they would, no doubt, occupy the lower grades and draw smaller salaries than their colleagues of the other persuasion. The appointment of a Catholic to the position of school inspector would be an impossibility, and if such a thing was effected there would be an immediate demand from Protestant parents for separate schools.

There is no organization among Catholics similar to that of the Orange association. The claim that this order is sustained by the self-sacrificing spirit of its members is most absurd and amusing, it is simply a self-making institution. The leaders of the society are thrust into seats in the legislative halls and municipal chambers, or are placed in well-salaried positions where they may be of use to the rank and file of the order. Of course a return for those services is expected, and it is always forthcoming. The humbler brethren are rewarded by comfortable situations of a lower grade. The influence which obtains them these satisfactory places retains them in them even when the occupant is an incapable and unsteady man.

A formidable rival to the Orange Order now, in power and influence, is the Sons of England. In this city the society has gained control of the City Hall, and its members employed in and through this agency outnumber all others. They have wisdom enough to fear the brethren of the Orange Order, and in most cases become Orangemen also in order to make themselves secure, although they have no sympathy at all with that organization. Between these societies, and the milder fraternal organizations, the poor Catholic has no chance at all, although he has to pay an equal share in support of these parasites.

Protestants who look with disfavour upon these combinations of selfish and mean-spirited men (who want the field all to themselves, and neither fairness nor favour for those outside of them) also suffer from this system of exclusion. I had an interview with the late Mr. Paton, Collector of Customs here, on the afternoon of the day on which he died. I was representing one of the city papers. He told me that he was nearly distracted by the politicians who were members of these secret associations. He further stated that they forced upon him men for whom he had nothing to do, and who, when they were entrusted with a little employment—withdrawn from others who were not over-worked—they were found incompetent to perform efficiently the few duties assigned to them. Thus the Custom House was overcrowded with employees, and many incompetent men were retained because of the influence of the ornaments of the orders—ornaments that were useful as well as decorative.

The Orange Order is very largely represented in the Custom House, but in the City Hall the honours are about evenly divided with the Sons of England. I do not think there is one Catholic engaged under the civic government except on the streets. I did know of one Catholic who was employed as a permanent clerk in the City Clerk's office, but he was ousted to make way for a "brother" in one of the orders.

These secret societies are a curse to the province, and make every honest man ashamed of his country. A gentleman who had been an Orangeman for many years, but who withdrew from the Order in disgust, remarked to me one day: "Yes indeed; the Orange Order is a great situation—'manufacturing machine.'"—G. M. H.

MONKEY SAVED and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

Rendering Aid to Sufferers.

The southern papers speak in terms of praise for the good Sisters of Charity, who relieved the pains of those who suffered from the storm at Cheniere Island. Mentioning their aid the New-Orleans Picayune says: During the forenoon every portion of the boat was thronged by persons seeking either provisions or clothing. In the cabin the Sisters of Charity were attending to the latter. Over the floor were scattered bundles and boxes containing shirts, hats, socks, stockings, underwear for ladies and gentlemen, shoes, coats, dresses, petticoats and skirts. Every person who applied was fitted with good warm clothing by the good Sisters. It was a pathetic scene; strong men wept, and addressing the ministering angels in the peculiar garb, said: "Oh, I never thought I would be obliged to receive charity."

In that soothing manner peculiar to the Sisters, the poor fellows were made to understand that it was not given as charity; it was a gift from one friend to another who had experienced a heavy affliction. "You know," said Sister Francis Joseph, "our blessed Master has stated that it is more blessed to give than to receive. He was in want, and who was greater than our Saviour."

The words had a magical effect; the sob was smothered and a bright smile illuminated the face of the individual, who remarked:

"I will try and be brave, Sister, but the blow has been a hard one."

Consequences of a Crime.

The entering of a law suit in St. Louis the other day opened the abyss of shame and suffering that closed over the head of Almon B. Thompson seven years ago.

In 1886 he was the trusted cashier of the Provident Savings Bank in that city and embezzled nearly \$80,000, fleeing to Canada, where he was joined by his family, and all traces of him lost. All claims against him were settled by his father, but the Thompsons were never heard of until the entrance of a suit for a legacy under the father's will revealed their whereabouts. They are living in two back rooms of a shabby boarding-house in New York. Thompson, careworn and prematurely aged, is a book-keeper on a meager salary. The eldest girl is writing in an insurance office, while the younger is bedfast with a lingering illness and the mother is an invalid. Misfortune has pursued them from the moment the crime was committed. Sometimes the way of the transgressor is visibly hard.

"Ladye Mass."

Before the "Reformation" spread like a pestilence over England, there was celebrated daily in all the more important churches a votive Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin. In the morning the bells rang out for the "Ladye Mass," and large crowds flocked to the altar or chapel specially dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The vestments used at this Mass were unusually splendid, and the statue of the Mother of God was ablaze with lighted tapers. There were priests, called "Ladye's priests," to officiate at these shrines and to care for their adornment. This "Ladye Mass" in no way interfered with the regular Mass and Office of the day: it was "extra"—the willing expression of the love of the people for the Blessed Virgin Mary. Now that England has again been dedicated to the Mother of God, we trust that the hierarchy may once more see their way toward reviving the beautiful custom of "Our Ladye's Mass."

The fall of the year is a trying season for elderly people. The many cheerless, dark, dismal days act depressingly, not to say injuriously, on both old and young. Now is the time to re-energize the vital energies with Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood medicines.

IRISH HISTORY.

By Observer in the Empire.

Another country whose history in ancient times is most unattractive to the general reader is Ireland—though the later stages of it are full of endless opportunities for venturesome writing. Among modern writers of history the late J. R. Green was the most friendly and sympathetic towards the early history of Ireland, that is the period previous to the tenth century, which is the only portion tinged with the glory shared at some time or other by all the British Isles and all European countries. In a remarkable passage he says: "For, while in Italy or Gaul or Spain, Christianity had spent its vigour in a struggle for self-preservation against the heathen invaders—in winning them to its creed, ... taming them by its discipline, in bringing to bear on them the civilization which it had alone preserved through the storm of conquest—Ireland, unscourged by assailants, drew from its conversion a life and movement such as it has never known since. The science and biblical knowledge which fled from the continent took refuge in famous schools, which made Durrow and Armagh universities of the west. The new Christian life soon beat too strongly to brook confinement within the bounds of Ireland itself. Patrick had not been a century dead when Irish Christianity flung itself with a fiery zeal into battle with the mass of heathenism, which was rolling in elsewhere upon the Christian world. Irish missionaries labored among the Picts of the Highlands and among the Frisians of the Northern Seas. An Irish missionary, Columban, founded monasteries in Burgundy and the Apennines. The Canton of St. Gall still commemorates in its name another Irish missionary before whom the spirits of flood and fell fled wailing over the waters of the Lake of Constance. For a time it seemed as if the course of the world's history was to be changed; as if the older Celtic race that Roman and German had driven before them had turned to the moral conquest of their conquerors; as if Celtic and not Latin Christianity was to mould the destinies of the churches of the west." Occasionally it does one good to recall these echoes of a time that has so hopelessly passed away.

We are reminded of them just now by a new volume entitled "A Short History of Ireland, from the Earliest Times to 1603," by P. W. Joyce. The author has some obvious claims to notice. He is an LL.D. of Trinity College, Dublin, an M.R.I.A., and was one of the commissioners for publishing the Brehon Laws. He has shown a certain degree of timidity in concluding his history at a period so remote that even an Irish feud could hardly be supposed to continue operative in disturbing the critical faculty, but he has at least done much to condense in an easy and satisfactory manner the early history of the country and the peculiar laws by which it was governed. We can but indicate in a general way the character of the work at present for the benefit of those who may subsequently pursue the subject. "Irish literature," says Mr. Stopford Brooke in his recent lecture on the subject, "is not to Ireland what English literature is to England. The mass of the Irish people know nothing of it, and care very little about it." No doubt that is in a great measure true; but the Irish press, bad as it is, has had always a certain wild literary flavour, and has propagated much regard for native literature among its many readers. It may be said in a general way that the mass of the people of any land know little and care less about the literature, and especially the ancient literature, of the country. Mr. Joyce has gone in a very systematic manner about his

task of popularizing a vaguely appreciated learning.

His first chapter, a long one, is devoted to the manners, customs and institutions of the ancient Irish, to the language, the literature of the ancient people; the ecclesiastical and religious writings—the early history of Ireland being, as we have shown by means of a quotation from Mr. Green, largely ecclesiastical in character, the annals, histories, genealogies of the countries—materials of which there is a great plenty in Ireland, to the Brehon Laws—the most remarkable code of laws ever possessed by any people; to music, art, dwellings and domestic customs. This chapter alone, if circulated by itself, would form a most useful volume. The late of the language has been noticeable. The ancient Irish, ending with the twelfth century, has left but few valuable remains; the middle Irish, ending about the fourteenth century, has been fairly prolific of important manuscripts; the modern Irish, from the fifteenth century to our day, has been rich in manuscript materials; but, of course, this, too, is a vanishing language, like the two preceding; and all are hard to comprehend. The Brehon Law is worth studying, at least, in this brief memoir. Dr. Joyce's description is as follows. "The Brehon Law then was derived partly from immemorial custom like the common law of England and partly from the decisions of eminent jurists—customs and decisions being carefully written with commentaries by successive generations of lawyers into their books." This is, in fact, the manner of the growth of the Roman Law, which obtained a world-wide authority.

One of the provisions of the Irish law may be referred to as having some merit in it. In certain cases, when justice could not be obtained without process, the plaintiff, having served due notice, went to the house of the defendant, and sitting down before his door remained there without food. The length of the fast was regulated by law according to the circumstances of each case. This was called "fasting" on the defendant. It hath an Irish air. It may be commended to the notice of a mercantile community which has to expend, we may calculate, about 6 per cent., at least, of its income in collecting it from debtors. It would certainly be a most interesting and even amusing sight to see, for example, a congregation of local tailors "fasting" outside the doors of some very opurate clients; of grocers camping out in the cool of a November day before the private residences of many people who have an idea "they must live"—at somebody's expense; of doctors endeavouring to collect their accounts by starving themselves in front of their patients' residences; of lawyers—no, a line must be drawn somewhere, the gentlemen of the profession may be trusted never to "fast" under any circumstances. It appears from some sources that the debtor was bound to fast as long as the creditor remained fasting! This gave "the bulge"—if that phrase has any technical value in the Brehon Law—to the debtor, who, remaining inside, was able to satisfy his hunger, if not his creditor, with a surreptitious sausage or an illegitimate and sinful swig at an usquebaugh flask, while the unfortunate creditor was compelled to remain out in the cold both as to his money and his nourishment. Still, the practice has antiquity to sanction it and we may commend it as a not impossible remedy in certain very bad cases. It may prove as effectual and as inexpensive as the Division Court.

There is an excellent account of the condition of education and schools in ancient times; and we may suspect that a good deal of rubbish has been written about the want of education and schools in early ages when a very

large part of the community was engaged in religious duties, and one of those duties was teaching. Greek, Latin, native Irish, history, arithmetic, astronomy, geometry, music, and of course theology—were all widely taught; and "the course," begun very early, was twelve years! The Brehon Law took cognizance of the schools in important particulars and laid down provisions for the protection of the masters. Men of learning were held in high estimation, and a teacher had many claims to distinction. The religious activity of the country was of course very remarkable, "such as probably," says the author, "has never been witnessed in any other country." All this educational and religious activity began as early as the sixth century. As we have said, Mr. Joyce ends his story in the 16th, but he gives a very vivid account of such remarkable and still picturesque incidents as the battle of Clontarf against the Danes; the Anglo Norman invasion; the prolonged "conquest" by England; the famous rebellion of "Silken Thomas" in days when

Silken Thomas flung
King James's sword
On council board.
The English Thanes among.

of the "Plantations" from England; of the rebellion of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, etc. A book like this written in a temperate spirit by a man apparently not a modern agitator, and having a respect for ancient history and an ancient people, is calculated to do good. The pity of it is that people will not read history, hardly even in compendiums; and the public is impatient of new ideas concerning early times. A prejudice is so much an easier thing to entertain.

The Dead of the Past 6,000 Years.

In that curious article, "The Number of People Since Adam," which has found a place in nearly all of the "Queer" columns in the United States during the past three or four years, the author asserts: "The whole surface of the globe has been dug over 120 times in order to get room for burial places." Let us see:

In 6,000 years we have 60 centuries and in each century an average of three generations, or 180 generations in all, each being a generation of 1,600,000,000. Now lay for that immense generation.

Give to each man, woman and child a grave 5 feet by 2, or 10 square feet. A square mile contains something less than 28,000,000 square feet. If this last calculation be correct, you will have to have a cemetery 55 miles long by 10 wide for each generation. Now, multiply this by 180, the whole number of generations "since Adam," and you have a burying ground large enough for every human being that has died in the last 6,000 years. This vast cemetery although awful to contemplate, would be but 1,800 miles long by 55 miles wide, or, in order to get it in better proportions, say 220 miles wide and 450 miles long. In other words a burying-ground containing 100,000 square miles would be sufficient for the graves of every human being that has ever existed. The area of Missouri and Iowa combined would be amply sufficient for such a cemetery, with 22,425 miles left for walks and driveways.

If the calculation is carried out for 100,000 years instead of 6,000 it will be found that the cemetery need only be a square 1,700 miles in extent each way. On this basis the United States east of the Mississippi River is large enough to furnish a grave for all the human beings that have died during the past 6,000 and for the 94,000 years to come.

A Simple way to help Poor Catholic Missions

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammonton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammonton Missions.

Wealth and Character.

Two citizens courting the daughter of Themistocles, he preferred the worthy man to the rich one, and as signed this reason: He had rather she should have a man without money than money without a man. Your Midas, that turns everything into gold that he touches rarely begets "golden lads," as Shakespeare calls the children of genius. The father of the "immortal William" himself failed utterly in business, but he loved art and the drama, and he had hospitable instincts and begot a "golden lad." Love for money destroys the higher instincts in man or woman. "Possession," Renan has said, "is not an evil, yet the acquisition of riches implies some imperfection, because, if the wealthy man had been less eager for gain, less engrossed in business, more mindful of his spiritual life; if he had given more alms and shown more of the liberality which marks a lofty mind, he would not have been so rich. We make our fortunes by our faults, because, in order to become wealthy, we must insist upon our rights, be careful of our money, take advantage of others, go to law, things which are not the best nor the fit work for a lofty mind." As the proverb says: "The rich man's wealth is his strong city, and the destruction of the poor is their poverty, but the labor of the righteous tendeth to life." Let us hope that all the labor of woman and her higher education tend, also, to righteousness and to life.

German Nobility, 1700.

If their rank is such as to keep up the state of guards for their houses, they are in general yagers, or military huntsmen, continually employed when off duty in bringing in venison and other game, or some other useful employment. * * * *

An exact regularity is observed in their mode of living; they breakfast at 6, summer and winter; dine at 12; drink coffee at three; sup at 6 in the evening, and are always in bed at 9, family prayers being always read before breakfast and after supper. They seldom spend more than an hour at dinner, drinking their quantity while eating. After supper is their only time for jollity and drinking in the Irish manner, so that no time is lost from attention to their concerns, and, indeed, I never saw much excess among them. Hunting the bear, coursing and shooting are their principal amusements abroad, and within, pretty much the same as our own.

Their ladies are more active, live more regular, and are better economists than ours, I think as handsome, but not in general so delicate in expression or otherwise. When alone, Lady Pappenheim rode out every morning a few miles, either on horseback or in a carriage—the former, if weather permitted; drank coffee on her return, and employed herself wholly in her cellars, preservative, or distillery, or necessary family avocations until dinner time; after dinner dressed, and, if no other business interfered, amused herself with sewing or music until 3, then drank tea and coffee, and walking abroad or in the gardens was the general evening's amusement until supper time.—*Fortnightly Review*

For Over Fifty Years

Ms. Winslow's SCORING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for Ms. Winslow's SCORING SYRUP.

Captain Chadwick, of the 101st Royal Munster Fusiliers, has been promoted to the Adjutancy of the 5th battalion, at Limerick, in succession to Adjutant Mawe, who retires (under the age clause) in December, and who has been connected with the regiment since 1865.

Sympathizing Visitor—"And what did the doctor say was really the matter with you?" Invalid—"Well, miss, his very words were 'You're a-sufferin' from a guitar in the stomach, with a great want of tone.'"

MEMORIES OF THE FAIR.

By LOUIS, FOR THE REGISTER.

Among the Manitoba ladies' exhibits was a gown of black cloth and velvet trimmed with gold bullion and yellow silk floss, and made in Iceland A.D. 1728. As I was inspecting it a lady exclaimed "Goodness! I thought they were all wild Indians there in 1728." Truly the World's Fair is a great educator.

For me the most interesting building on the grounds was the Art Palace. My observations upon exhibits there will of course be colored by my own taste and preferences.

To take the countries alphabetically:

Austria has in oil an "Ave Maria" by Bachner, in which the Blessed Virgin wears the most beatific, heavenly expression ever given to canvas. A "Mater Doloresa" by the same artist, and lent by his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, is extremely fine. One could fancy Bachner's canvas like those of the old masters, the result of inspiration gained by pure life and constant prayer. "The Good Brother" by Blaas depicts a pleasing side of human nature—a boy is dividing a sweet morsel with his little sister. "Fighting Cows" by Huber, and lent by the Emperor, gives us only common cows in common fight. "The Pagos" by Claremont—lovely boys in picturesque dress—is a dream of beauty and harmonious coloring. "The Edelweiss Plucker" by Schmid is a young girl lying dead at the foot of a precipice with a branch of the far-famed edelweiss in her hand. "Never Back" by Payer, and lent by the Emperor, portrays an episode of the Austro-Hungarian Arctic Voyage under Weyfucht and Payer, 1872-1874. The hope-s forsaken explorers from their ice-girt ship are, with faces directed homeward, watching the sun disappear in the southern sky. The darkness of an Arctic winter will now enfold them, and their congealing, enfeebled hearts beat "Never Back! Never Back!" "The Fight of Tritons" by Knuepfer is fine. "A dude in the country" by Henzel, and lent by the Emperor, bears out its title fully. The central figure, with fine clothes and best-afforded fare before him, compels the rustics as it were to acknowledge his superiority and wit. But a suspicion whispers that they betray a sly merriment elicited by the speaker and not by his cleverness or witticisms.

Belgium has in oil a portrait of Mrs. Yerkes of Chicago by Van Baers: it is a most lifelike painting of a beautiful and elegant woman. The same artist is also represented by Mrs. Brown Potter as "The Lady of Lyons," Miss Ada Rohan as "Lady Teazle," a "Summer Evening" and portrait of Van Baers himself dressed as Henry III. "The Will of Columbus" by Verhaert is sadly fascinating. The canvas well reflects the gathering cold gray shadows of death. "On the Coast" by Mayne is a burial service; the sea has given up its dead. "The Return of the Herd, October" by Montigny, is a masterpiece.

Brazil has "Jesus at Capernaum," and "Narration of Philetas" by Amodeo; "Magnolia" by Frederico; "Bandeirantes," "Return of the Work," "Mater" and "Portrait of Gen. Neodoro" by Bernardelli. Landscapes purely seem the preference of the Brazilian artists.

Canada has "The Venetian Bather" by poor Paul Peel, who was cut off before he reached his prime. Over the arm of the mischievous bather is a robe, with the tantalizing tassel of which a kitten is playing. This is considered a masterpiece, and was painted in 1888. "The Founding of Maryland, March 27th, 1634" by Sandham vividly recalls historical fact. The storehouse having been finished and everything brought

ashore, Governor Leonard Calvert marshalled the colonists into military procession, accompanied by volleys of musketry and cannonading from the ships, with two Indian Kings as spectators, they entered into their land of promise, Maryland.

"Awaited in Vain" by Thompson is good as a work of art, but highly ghastly. The public generally lose sight of its being "An Incident in the Pyronces," and of course recognize it as "quite Canadian, you know."

"The Foreclosure of the Mortgage" by Reid has always before it an interested group. The proper officer has come with legal notice. This sad state of affairs is traceable to the condition of the head of the family who sits propped up by pillows, his only remaining strength expressed by his eyes in the wildness of despair. The wife and mother, whose willing arms have been bared for work, has broken down at last. Her head was bowed, but we know there are bitter tears; she draws close to her side the little child who has gone to her in inquiring wonder. But perhaps the most touching figure of all is the poor old grand mother at her faithful watch over the cradle. She does not weep; she does not lift even her eyes in protest. Too many storms have swept through her heart; she now accepts the blast. "The Visit of the Clockmaker," also by Reid, recalls traditions of the early settlements.

"On a Blowy Morn in June" by Fraser is good. With bending and swaying tree and bush there is a well filled clothes-line, and the wind in playing all sorts of pranks with its snow-white burden.

"St. Clair Marsh" by Verner is a masterly blending of the luminous and sombre. Over the gloomy and lonely marsh and towards the still luminous east fly waterfowl in quest of a night's repose. The emotions inspired by the picture are voiced in Bryant's "Lines to a Waterfowl."

Of the Canadian paintings there are others I might mention, and taken altogether, only the United States on this continent can afford to boast in presence of Canada. I expected more from the southern blood genius of Mexico and South America.

Denmark has "The Jews in the Desert" by Jerndorff. In the right foreground Moses is in the act of striking the Rock; on the left foreground are his people, who have prayed, wept and despaired in their great thirst. "Sufferers Waiting for Christ" by Irmingier is fine and pathetic in the extreme; we pause, and as we contemplate feel that the Sacred Heart of the Man-God ached to heal, and almost unto death, long before the cruel laceration of the Cross.

"A November Night on the North Sea" by Locher weirdly portrays a trim, well-ordered bark riding rough seas north cold, threatening skies. "Shipwrecked Sailors on the Sea" by Rasmussen is masterly. "The Sound Sleepers" by Schlichtkrull goes straight to the heart. Children in their cot refuse to awaken, although a torrent of sunshine has burst into their room purposely to rouse them. "Griffenfeldt, as a prisoner at Munkholm, teaching two little boys," by Mathiesen is very interesting.

"The Danish Royal Family" by Tuxen is right royal as a work of art, in expanse of canvas, in personal good looks of the different members, and also in their number, for there are the King and Queen of Denmark, their children, their married-in children, and their grand-children. Yet to me it would have been more intensely royal had I found in a little corner the little Fyfe great grand-children.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

On Oct. 18 the Holy Father received in special audience Mgr. Pascal, of the Oblates of Mary, Vicar Apostolic of Saskatchewan, Canada.

His Grace's Anniversary.

St. Joseph's Convent had an air of festivity last Friday evening, when the pupils gave a most delightful entertainment in honour of his Grace, the Archbishop, whose anniversary they were celebrating. The large distribution hall was crowded to the doors by the clergy, friends of the pupils and other invited guests. Among those present, besides his Grace, the Archbishop, who was the guest of the evening, we noticed Rev. Monsignor O'Brien, Vicar General McCann, Rev. Father Marjion, of St. Michael's College, Rev. Fathers Ryan, S. J., Grogan, C. S. R., Hand, J. Walsh, and Brennan, C. S. B. A very pretty feature of the evening was the "Greeting Chorus," by the little ones, who were all very prettily arrayed in white; and as they sang "We Bring Snow White Flowers," one of them stepped down from the stage and presented a beautiful bouquet of the "Snow White Flowers" to his Grace.

Miss Louise Kieley recited "The Angelus" with great taste, and the French recitation "Le desir d'une Ame," by Miss Kieley, was very cleverly done. The instrumental music was very fine; one selection from Rossini, in which there were four pianos, four violins and two harps was really delightful. The recitation of "Roberto of Seville" by Miss Quin received the well merited applause it deserved. At the close of this intellectual treat his Grace the Archbishop made a very happy little speech. After thanking the pupils, he said: "It seemed ungracious to find fault, but there was only one fault, and that was, it was all too short." He brought in so appropriately the legend of the Monk Felix, and closed by making the pupils hearts glad, by giving them a holiday.

Cardinal and Delegate in Canada.

Thursday last will ever be remembered as emphatically a red-letter day in the annals of Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont. On that day his Grace Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, in the Exhibition Hall of this beautiful Convent, welcomed to Canada his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, His Excellency Monsignor Satolli, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, Bishop O'Farrell of Trenton, Bishop McGovern of Harrisburg, with about a score of distinguished priests from many dioceses in the United States.

Accompanied by his Secretary, Father James Walsh, and Father Ryan of St. Michael's Cathedral, his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto went to Buffalo last week to assist at the Jubilee celebration of Bishop Ryan. An extended report of this splendid celebration will be given in next week's issue of this paper. What the readers of the REGISTER will be especially pleased to learn is that the honored and beloved Archbishop of Toronto received signal manifestations of respect and esteem from the illustrious prelates and distinguished priests who took part in that great celebration. His majestic and venerable figure appeared pre-eminent in the grand procession of Prelates, and his graceful and impressive eloquence won the hearty applause of the priests at the banquet, especially when he gently hinted to the progressive Prelate of St. Paul that Minnesota might learn from Ontario a useful lesson in religious and educational freedom, as so many of the Western and Southern States had learned their first lessons in faith from the mother diocese of Quebec.

But it was in accepting his gracious invitation to visit Canada that Prelates and priests testified in a special manner their high esteem for Archbishop Walsh. They might very reasonably have asked to be excused for not crossing the border after the long ceremonies of the Buffalo celebration and the Reception at Niagara University. But though bound by engagement to be back in Buffalo for Thursday evening the Cardinal and the Delegate were determined that nothing should keep them from their promised visit to Loretto Convent. Accordingly, under the generous care of the amiable Rector of Niagara University, Dr. Kavanagh, the distinguished party came to Niagara Falls, N.Y., in their special Wagner car, and crossed over to the Convent in carriages about 3.30 p.m. on Thursday.

The beautiful building; in the finest site in the world, was decked out in its best for the reception of its illustrious visitors. In various colored bunting the flags of the nations blended as they floated to the breeze from turret and window; while within, the corridors and halls were tastefully decorated in Papal and Cardinal colors. The Rev. Mother from the Abbey, the Superior of the convent, with the Sisters and pupils, received their distinguished guests at the door, and conducted them immediately to the Reception Hall. Here Archbishop Walsh, in a few well-chosen words, welcomed the Cardinal, Monsignor Satolli, and the accompanying Prelates and Priests to the hospitable shores of Canada. He complimented the Nuns and their pupils on the rare and exalted honor conferred on them and their institution by such a visit, and he told his illustrious guests, while sincerely thanking them for the personal and much-prized favor to himself, that the good Nuns and their accomplished pupils would express their gratitude and show their excellent

teaching and training in a few choice selections of music and song.

A triumphant march of welcome, arranged by Mr. Edward B. Doward, of Toronto, from Costa's "Naaman," was given. Prof. Doward is the musical instructor at the convent, and the musical programme was brilliantly rendered. Miss Julia MacKay, of Jersey City, sang the soprano solos with fine effect.

Miss Pearl Taylor, of St. Paul, read an address to the Cardinal, to which he most pleasingly responded. He stated that for the first time in America the Papal Alegate had expressed to him the pleasure of the reception and the scenery he had viewed. He was jealous to think that such expression had been made on British soil in Canada, but he thought Archbishop Walsh should be most heartily congratulated on the excellent Convent within his diocese.

Miss Nora O'Brien, of Baltimore, Md., read an address to Mgr. Satolli, who bowed his acknowledgments.

Gounod's grand chorus, "Praise Ye the Father," was sung by the young ladies' chorus of 60 voices, and handsome bouquets of chrysanthemums were presented to the distinguished prelates.

After an informal reception to the visitors in the parlors they drove to their special train and went on to Buffalo. All were delighted with their visit. The Cardinal was so charmed with what he had seen and heard at Loretto Convent that he promised to see more of Ontario as soon as he could, and cordially accepted the invitation of Archbishop Walsh to visit Toronto in the near future. His wise and large-minded liberality that gives all minds, and his charming amiability that wins all hearts will insure for his Eminence a warm welcome from all classes and crowds when he comes to the Queen City of the West.

Catholic Young Men's Lit. Association.

A meeting of this Society was held on Nov. 7, in St. Anne's hall, Power street. The meeting was largely attended, and the greatest enthusiasm was shown throughout. The following officers were installed for the current year:

President, Rev. M. J. Reddin; 1st Vice-President, P. J. Mulqueen; 2nd Vice-President, J. C. O'Brien; Recording Secretary, W. Wallace; Assistant Recording Secretary, H. O'Neill; Financial Secretary, A. Hodgson; Treasurer, W. Whelan; Librarian, M. Tumpson; Assistant Librarian, A. Whalen.

Mr. G. Duffy, the President of last year, gave a report of the Society's work, and encouraged the members to continued exertion in what they were doing. Rev. Father Reddin delivered a very able address, a full report of which will appear in next week's REGISTER.

The other officers made short but forcible speeches on being installed. Mr. W. Murphy, the 1st Vice-President for the past year, made a very neat address, Mr. Cahill and other members spoke encouragingly. A committee was appointed to draft a programme for the season. All present showed the deepest interest in the work of the Society, and truly the proceedings for the evening hail fair for its prosperity during the year.

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DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH.

Pastoral Letter of His Lordship the Right Rev. E. A. O'Connor.

RICHARD ALPHONSUS O'CONNOR, BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND THE APPOINTMENT OF THE HOLY SEE, BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

To the Clergy and Faithful of the Diocese. Health and Benediction in the Lord.

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERN During the past three months we have been engaged in making our second Visitation of the Western portion of the Diocese, comprising the districts of Algoma and Nipissing. This tour extended over the numerous Missions scattered along the Georgian Bay, the North Shores of lakes Huron and Superior, as well as those situated on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, from Sturgeon Falls to Fort William, a distance of 620 miles, and on the branch from Sault Ste Marie to Sudbury, 180 miles. A relation of the condition of the Catholics and the progress of religion throughout this extensive tract will, no doubt, prove interesting, as well as instructive, to our people of the Diocese.

The chief Missions are located along the shores of the lakes, on the banks of the principal rivers, and on the line of the railway. Most of the settlements are of recent origin, dating back only to the time of the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a few years ago. Since then, several villages and no small number of towns have risen into importance at prominent points traversed by this great National Enterprise. Wherever a considerable number of Catholics settle it becomes necessary to build Churches or Chapels, so as to provide for their spiritual needs and preserve them and their children in the faith of the Catholic Church. Thanks to the great zeal and unwearied energy of the Jesuit Fathers and secular clergy, who are laboring faithfully throughout this section of the Diocese, as well as to the generous co-operation and liberality of the Laity, many Churches and Chapels have been erected since our previous visitation.

The desire of manifesting our interest in the spiritual and temporal welfare of every member of our flock, as well as of instructing and encouraging the faithful of this remote district in fidelity to their religious duties, urged us on this occasion to visit many places that had never before been blessed by the presence of a Bishop. In every Mission the people gave signal proofs of their faith and piety, as well as of their respect and veneration for their Chief Pastor, feeling highly honored by his visit to their distant Missions. Since our former Visitation no less than 15 Chapels have been built—five are now in course of construction, whilst four have been enlarged and improved. We may state that the most important of these are at Sudbury, Sturgeon Falls, Chapleau, Fort William, Port Arthur, and Little Current, each of which is capable of accommodating large congregations. Notwithstanding the erection of so many Churches and Chapels, but few of them are heavily burdened with debt, owing to the generous and noble sacrifices made by the majority of the people in contributing of much as their limited means allowed.

On account of the great extent of territory embraced in the Algoma and Nipissing Districts, Chapels could be provided up to the present time, only in those places where Catholics are in greater numbers. Along the line of the railroad, at those stations where there are no Chapels, the Missionaries make regular visits to the Catholic families, so as to give them the opportunity of hearing Mass and receiving the Sacraments. One may readily imagine the great hardships and fatigues that are necessarily endured by the devoted and zealous Pastors, who thus lead a nomadic life, that they might minister to the spiritual wants of their flock, and leave no soul neglected throughout this extensive region. Numerous inconveniences of board and lodging, as well as difficulties and dangers in travelling, are willingly borne by these good shepherds, whose great happiness and consolation is to bring souls to God. When we consider the earnestness and fidelity with which these sons of St. Ignatius devote their lives to the salvation of souls, and that their labors are greatly blessed by Heaven, we have great reason to thank Almighty God for having so zealous a body of Missionaries spreading the faith throughout the Western part of the Diocese.

During our tour Confirmation was administered in thirty-six different Missions to 993 persons, more than sixty of whom were converts. The intelligent answers given by all who were examined in Christian doctrine, gave ample proof of the great care bestowed by pastors and teachers in instructing both young and old. The Catholic Schools deserve special mention as they are the great means the Church employs to implant a sound religious, as well as secular, education in the minds and hearts of the future hope of the Church and country. At Sault Ste Marie, Port Arthur, Sudbury, Sturgeon Falls, North Bay, Cuolmsford and other places, there are commodious buildings and competent teachers, who are imparting a satisfactory training to the pupils and in stilling into them the knowledge and practice of their Christian duties. In a short time it

is expected that Catholic Schools will also be established in several other localities so soon as there is a sufficient number of Catholics to maintain them. In the meantime very much must be done by parents living in isolated places, that their children may be properly instructed by them in the knowledge of their religion. We cannot omit referring to the progress that has been made in providing suitable residences for the clergy in some of the Missions. Within the past few years five presbyteries have been built at the principal centres, whence the missionaries radiate to the surrounding districts. Special mention may be made of a few of these. At Port Arthur a handsome brick building has been erected at a cost of \$3,000, and already paid for through the generosity of the parishioners. About a year ago a portion of the church, with the altars, vestments and vestry, of Port Arthur, was destroyed by fire. At the time of our visit the damage had been repaired at a cost of \$3,200. Of this sum \$1,800 were paid by the Insurance Company, and the balance by the congregation, thereby leaving the parish free from debt. At Sudbury, the centre of the mining industry, has been built a large and substantial brick presbytery that serves as a home for the Jesuit Fathers, who attend the numerous missions of the surrounding country. At Sturgeon Falls a beautiful brick residence has been completed and furnished, through the energy of the devoted pastor of that prosperous Mission; also a large school house has been built which has accommodation for 160 pupils. At Fort William Indian Mission the Sisters of St. Joseph have an industrial School and Orphanage for Indian girls, where over 70 are carefully instructed and provided with a home. The Sisters of St. Joseph have also charge of the schools at Port Arthur, where they are doing excellent work in giving a truly Catholic education to their pupils. Besides, they conduct an Hospital in that town, whereby very much good is accomplished in caring for the sick and relieving the afflicted. In a few of the Missions we observed that zeal for the beauty of God's house urged some of the members of the congregation to make a donation to the church of an altar, statues, flowers and sacred vessels for the divine service. Such offerings made to God by those grateful Christians will assuredly draw down many blessings on them and further increase their earthly as well as their heavenly treasures. We would earnestly urge those Catholics in every parish, who are blessed with more than the necessities of this life, to bestow a portion of their wealth in providing their church with what may be necessary or useful for the service of religion.

THE INDIAN MISSIONS.

In this Diocese there are about 4,000 Catholic Indians who are under the guidance of the Jesuit Fathers, who manifest the greatest devotion and self sacrifice for their spiritual and temporal welfare. It is easy to understand the greater difficulty experienced in labouring amongst the Indians, because of their natural condition and lack of intelligence. However I found great advance in piety and morality amongst these children of the forest, owing to the watchfulness and zeal of the good Fathers, who devote their lives to their improvement and salvation. The Catholic Indians are generally located by themselves on their Reserves, and on this account the Missionaries exercise greater influence over them and keep them more faithful to their religious duties. The conversions are chiefly among the young Indians, as the old Pagans have two or more wives, whom they are unwilling to renounce that they might become Christians. In 14 of the Indian Reservations visited by us there are Catholic schools, whereby the children are taught the elementary branches of instruction and they also acquire a fair knowledge of their religious duties. The Indian Missions are more difficult of access on account of their remoteness from the railway, and to reach them the Missionaries are obliged to travel long distances by canoes in summer, and on snowshoes in winter, camping and enduring all the dangers and hardships attendant on this mode of life. Yet all these toils are gladly endured by the zealous Fathers, who devote their lives to this heroic work, and whose labors are blessed with wonderful success. As lumbering operations are carried on extensively in many parts of this Western district, and a large proportion of the workmen are Catholics, the Missionaries do not spare themselves in seeking after this portion of their flock and ministering to them the comforts and aids of religion. These hardy toilers, who are isolated in the woods during many months, greatly appreciate the visits of the Fathers to the lumber camps, and willingly avail themselves of their presence to receive the sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion.

A few words regarding the material and numerical condition of the Catholics in Algoma and Nipissing Districts. In those sections where the soil is suitable for agricultural purposes, especially in Eastern Algoma and Nipissing, many Catholics are taking up land and forming settlements that give indications of being prosperous in a short time.

We may cite a few instances of the rapid development of Missions of recent origin. At Sturgeon Falls, where four years ago

there were seventy five families, there are now 180 Catholic families. At the next station West, Verner, there has been an increase from 50 to 80 Catholic families. Farther West, near Warren, where there had been only a few families, already 52 have taken up land. A short distance West of Sudbury in the Townships of Ba-four and Rayside, there are at present 150 Catholic families, where on our first visit there were but 50. The great majority of these settlers are French Canadians, and we encouraged them to take up more farms for their children, and also to invite their friends in other places to settle amongst them. We purposely drove through some of these new settlements and we were surprised as well as delighted, to observe the substantial buildings erected by these sturdy pioneers, as well as the great improvements made on the land within a few years.

There are also Catholic settlements along the Spanish River, from Massey to Walford, and in a few other localities where there is good soil. In all these places, unoccupied government land can be obtained at from 25c. to 50c. per acre, and in adjacent townships, at no great distance from the railway, free grants can be secured. There are many young men throughout Ontario and Quebec, who, in a few years, could make comfortable homes for themselves, if they would be prepared to endure for a short time the hardships and privations incident to all new settlers. Very little capital would be required with men of industrious and temperate habits. We would recommend men of this character who are desirous of settling on land, to apply to the Priests of Sturgeon Falls, Sudbury, or Massey Station, and these will direct them to suitable localities.

As a proof of the increasing number of Catholic Missions, we quote from the last Dominion Census, that the total population of the Now District of Nipissing was 13,020. Of this number 8,371 are Catholics and 4,649 are non-Catholics. According as new settlements are formed, Chapels will be built to meet the requirements of the faithful.

Dearlly Beloved Brethren, we earnestly beseech you to pray to our Lord that He would deign to bless these new Missions and the devoted missionaries who are laboring so zealously for the spread of God's kingdom throughout this Diocese.

The Reverend Clergy are requested to read this Pastoral Letter in all the Churches and Chapels of the Diocese as soon as convenient after its reception.

Given at Peterborough on the 9th of November, 1893.

† RICHARD ALPHONSUS O'CONNOR, Bishop of Peterborough.

An Act of Heroism.

From Cardon comes the story of a very sad affliction. On Oct. 16th a child of Mr. and Mrs. James O'Neil (who live in Cardon, eight miles north of Kirkfield) died from the effects of diphtheria and was buried at Victoria Road on the Sunday following. On the day the child was buried Mrs. O'Neil and a daughter, aged 15 years, were taken down with the same disease and both died on the following Tuesday. Only the husband and an old man about eighty years of age were in the house at the time, the neighbors being afraid to go near the place. Father Bretherton, the kind parish priest at Victoria Road, however, heard of the affliction, and after procuring two coffins drove to the O'Neil residence, prepared the bodies for burial, and on Wednesday night accompanied by Mr. O'Neil and the old man started with the bodies in a rig for Victoria Road for burial. Both of Father Bretherton's companions were so overcome with fatigue that they fell asleep shortly after getting into the rig, and the good christian priest was compelled to make the lonely journey alone. He arrived at Victoria Road about midnight, and interred the bodies in the Roman Catholic Cemetery. Only the priest and his two companions were present at this sad mid-night scene. The reverend Father read the burial service over the dead; lowered the remains to their last resting place and then filled up the grave. Such acts of Christian charity have seldom been heard of in this district, and Father Bretherton is deserving of the highest praise for his heroic actions. The late Mrs. O'Neil was a sister of Mrs. C. Ward, of Cannington, and both she and her two daughters were highly respected by all of their acquaintances. Mr. O'Neil is now down with the disease, but, as we go to press, we learn that the doctors have hopes for his recovery. Dr. Ross, of Kirkfield, who attended the victims, is also confined to his bed with the disease.—Cannington Gleaner.

St. Michael's Cathedral.

On Sunday evening next, at 7 o'clock, there will be musical vespers, and a lecture by Rev. F. Ryan, in St. Michael's cathedral. The subject of the lecture will be "The late Parliament of religions at Chicago, and its bearing on the problem of Poverty." A silver collection will be taken up in aid of the poor of St. Michael's parish under the care of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Madame Minck, a noted Socialist, has been sentenced at Lille to a week's imprisonment for insulting the police.



IT FASTENS ITS HOLD
—upon you before you know it. It is sure to be in the air we breathe, the water we drink. The germ of Consumption is everywhere present. The germ begins to grow as soon as it reaches a weak spot in the body. Catarrh, Bronchitis, and a scrofulous condition, furnish these weak spots. The way to fight these germs—begin early—reuder the liver active and purify the blood with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Besides, it builds up healthy flesh.

It's guaranteed in all bronchial, throat and lung affections; every form of scrofula, even Consumption in its earlier stages. If the "Discovery" fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Fortify yourself against disease by making the body germ-proof, then you will save yourself from grip, malaria, and many of the passing diseases.

It cures Catarrh in the Head — perfectly and permanently — Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.



TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES, 1893.

The undersigned will receive tenders for supplies up to noon on

MONDAY, NOV. 27th, 1893,

FOR THE SUPPLY OF

Butchers' Meat, Butter, Flour, Oatmeal, Potatoes, Cordwood, etc.,

For the following institutions during the year 1894, viz.—At the Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico and Orillia, the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto, the Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishua, the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind at Bradford.

Two sufficient securities will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract. Specifications and forms of tender can only be had on making application to the Bursars of the respective institutions.

N.B.—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Mimico, nor to the Central Prison and Reformatory for Females, Toronto.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

R. CHRISTIE,
T. F. CHAMBERLAIN,
JAMES NOXON,
Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities.
Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Nov. 15, 1893.

CHRISTMAS SALE

IN AID OF THE

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An attractive

CONCERT

Will be given the opening night, without extra charge.

Messrs. HEINTZMAN & Co. have kindly consented to lend a Piano for the occasion.

LUNCHEON will be served DAILY.

WANTED AN ENERGETIC CATHOLIC man of business disposition and steady habits. Must travel short distances in section in which he resides. Apply with references, to MENZIGER BROTHERS, 36 to 38 Barclay St., New York.

HEROIC DEVOTION.

Among the priests who did duty at the Church of St. Paul-St. Louis, in Paris, about ten years ago, was a Spaniard, remarkable for his high stature, his dark complexion and the gravity of his demeanor. Something in his gait caused me to hear without surprise that he had once been a brave cavalry officer and had fought valiantly under Don Carlos.

What circumstances led him to the priesthood we are not told, but one glance at his face revealed that he had suffered much in many ways besides the deep wounds which were never to heal, and he inspired all who saw him with respect and sympathy. His name was L'Abbe Capella.

After spending a few years at school to the Church St. Paul St. Louis he was appointed parish priest of a small mission in the neighborhood of Paris. He had already won the esteem and affection of all, but in the new parish he was soon, we are tempted to say, worshipped by his small flock, which consisted chiefly of gardeners, and the good he did in his too short stay there was incalculable. Gratitude so surrounded him that he might almost have forgotten that he was an exile in a foreign land, when his wounds opened afresh and warned him that he was nearing his true home. He prepared himself to meet death, not only with courage, as he had done on the battlefield, but with the faith of an apostle.

The last sacraments had been administered to him. In his last thanksgiving he was concentrating his failing powers to offer up to God his suffering and his agony, which were then beginning. Suddenly the door burst open. Approaching the bed, the intruder exclaimed:

"Ah, M. le Cure, we are in great trouble. N—, whom you know well, has been seized with a terrible disease. He is dying and refuses to see a priest."

"How sad!" answered M. Capella. "Oh, were I not dying I would try. He might receive me."

"Yes; you would succeed, but alas!"—She did not finish her sentence.

A sublime inspiration struck the heart of the priest, who, raising himself and joining his hands, exclaimed: "Oh, my God, give me strength yet a little longer!"

Then followed a moment of silent but intense prayer.

"Help me to dress," he said to those around him.

Seized with fear, no one moved. All thought he was getting delirious.

"Help me to dress!" he repeated, this time with irresistible authority.

What life was left in him seemed to have passed into his indomitable will. He held out his hands. Those present obeyed in deep silence and dressed him.

"Now," said the priest, "carry me to the sick man."

"He will die on the road," whispered his terrified attendants,

He heeded them not, absorbed as he was in one heroic wish—the salvation of a soul. He even gave the necessary directions that everything be brought to him that was necessary to administer the last sacraments.

When everything was ready, "Let us start," he said; "we have not one minute to lose."

With indescribable emotion several men came forward, lifted his almost lifeless body, in which, however, his soul reigned supreme, and not a sigh did he allow to escape him on the way, though every step caused him intense pain. With his head still bent in prayer he arrived at the bedside of the other dying man.

"Friend," he said in a faint voice, "we are both to appear before God. Shall we not go together? I have come to assist you and to bring you the help we all need at the last hour."

The sick man, overcome with emotion, uttered a cry, and seizing the

hand of his pastor carried it to his lips with deep affection.

"My friend," continued the cure, "time is short. You will not refuse to make your confession?"

Overcome by such charity and faith, the sick man burst into tears and said, "Oh, yes, I will confess to you."

A heavenly smile played on the lips of the pastor. He made a sign and the assistants withdrew to a distance. Soon the minister of God, by a supreme effort, raised his voice to pronounce the words of absolution, which fell like dew on the soul to which they gave a new life.

"The holy oil!" he cried out, and then he bade the assistants take his arm and guide his hand. They did so. At his touch and under the power of the sacrament the sick man seemed to revive.

When his work was done, the priest bent his head toward the poor man whom he had anointed and whispered with a sigh of relief, "Au revoir, my friend."

"Carry me home," he then murmured faintly, and in a louder tone he repeated, "Nunc dimittis servum tuum. Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace."

Then his head drooped, his arms fell limp, his eyes closed, and were it not that his lips were moving in prayer his assistants would have thought he was dead. Carefully they laid him on his bed. A few hours later he passed away.

Such was the end of M. Capella, the Spanish priest. Was it not worthy of his vocation?

All these details are strictly exact and have been vouched for by the sick man himself, who had been the object of such heroic devotion on the part of M. Capella, and who began to recover from the moment he received extreme unction. When told that he ought to be full of faith, having received such a signal favor, he replied: "I would die for my faith. I must join my Capella."—*Michigan Catholic.*

Fertilizing Small Fruits.

In selecting the fertilizers suitable for small fruits the character of the soil must be taken into account as well as the kind of fruit, so that no formulas of universal application can be made. The effect of highly nitrogenous manures on strawberry tends to a vigorous growth of foliage, while phosphoric acid and potash seem to do more toward producing and developing fruit. For this reason stable manure is considered too stimulating so that stable and yard manure are chiefly valuable as a mulch for covering the ground and furnishing humus for the soil. Even when used in this way, they are objectionable, because they contain so many seeds of weeds and grasses. I have seen somewhere an analysis of the strawberry, in which the ash is said to contain about 40 per cent of potash, 16 of lime and 11 of phosphoric acid. This high per cent of potash justifies the American belief that wood ashes and potash salts are especially valuable as fertilizers for this fruit. They are used largely by the most careful and successful growers, and strawberry beds have been known to last for years with no other fertilizing than an annual dressing of wood ashes. A good sample of ground bone should furnish from 2 to 4 per cent of nitrogen and 20 to 25 per cent of phosphoric acid. An application of 500 to 800 pounds to the acre on good soil ought to furnish enough of these ingredients for the requirements of the plants. If from 400 pounds to 600 pounds of muriate of potash, or the equivalent of this in wood ashes, is added, food for a splendid crop of fruit will be furnished.—*Garden and Forest.*

"I wonder where grandpa gets all his money from?" said Tommy. "I think he gets it from the Sunday schools," replied Bobbie. "We take up collections for the orphans every month, and grandpa's one."

A Great Roman Hospital.

The feast of St. Michael was kept in the celebrated convent of that name in Rome with the customary solemn ceremonial. On the right bank of the Tiber, facing that Aventine Hill whose churches, convents, palaces and gardens have made it one of the most beautiful of Rome's seven hills, the immenso and solitary apostolic hospital dedicated to St. Michael stands. The architecture is elegant and severe; its white walls, its innumerable windows, which reflect red and golden tints in the sunset, the verdure which decorates its courts, and the fountains that murmur softly while cooling the air, give the whole building an air of joyful and peaceful repose that is very grateful to the weary sightseer.

But it is more like a little city within than a house, for it is filled with work shops and churches. The vast establishment formerly received eight hundred souls, who were divided into four different sections, viz., aged men and women and youths of both sexes; but under the new regime the number has been very much reduced, and the whole institution is now conducted on a far less generous system than in the old pontifical days. The four sections are absolutely isolated one from the other, and each wing terminates with its respective church, which is built in the form of a Greek cross. Unfortunately, however, the fourth church was never terminated, and a little chapel is all that the young girls in the hospital have for their particular services.

The institution is at one and the same time a refuge for old age and an orphanage for youth. The orphans are kept until twenty years of age and are taught different trades. The fine arts are not neglected and visitors may admire some excellent engraving signed Mercuri and Calamatta, which ornament the reception rooms, and were the gifts of these grateful and illustrious former pupils of the establishment.

The feast-day on the 29th of September annually attracts immense crowds of visitors, who come to listen to the excellent music which is composed and executed by musicians in the hospital. Sometimes compositions of the highest merit are heard, and this year the pieces, which were written by the master of St. Michael's Chapel and performed by the orphans, were considered to be exceptionally good. The Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., was president of the Hospital of St. Michael and was most interested in its work and development. He used to visit it annually on the 29th of September in order to bless the house and all inhabitants. Seeing the sad fate of so many of their charitable institutions, the Romans are anxious as to the ultimate one reserved for St. Michael's, and loudly protest against any change being made in a work so useful and for so many years religiously protected by generations of their ancestors.

But the present rulers of all things in the Eternal City are no more likely to consult the wishes of the Romans in this than in any other circumstance of the kind.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Lady of the House—Aren't you ashamed of yourself—a great, strong man like you to be idling your time away?

Transient Individual—Ah, mum, but you forget the business depression.

Lady of the House—Both the business depression! To my knowledge you haven't done a stroke of work for years.

Transient Individual—Of course. I was merely anti-cipating the panic, you know—getting used to loafing so I shouldn't mind it when there was no work to be had.—*Boston Transcript.*

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Hymn to Our Lady.

By GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA

Translated by R. R. Madden, M. D.

A Hymn composed during the Great Plague in Florence

O Star of Galilee,
Shining o'er this earth's dark sea,
Shed thy glorious light on me.

Queen of clemency and love,
Be my advocate above,
And, through Christ, all sin remove.

When the angels called thee blest,
And with transports filled thy breast,
'Twas thy Lord became thy guest.

Earth's purest creature thou,
In the heavens exulting now,
With a halo round thy brow.

Beauty beams in every trace
Of the Virgin-Mother's face,
Full of glory and of grace—

A Beacon to the Just,
To the sinner Hope and Trust,
Joy of the angel host.

Ever glorified, thy throne
Is where thy blessed Son
Doth reign, through him alone.

All pestilence shall cease,
And sin and strife decrease,
And the kingdom come of peace

Young People.

Much is being said at the present time, about young people. M. Saint-Genest also has determined to have his say about their conduct. The Countess of R—has three sons, Octave, Loto, and Riri, aged respectively 22, 21 and 19 years. They have finished their education, and are now trying to reform that of "their ancestors." This is the appellation they give their parents and the other members of their family.

One evening in autumn the arrival of several visitors at the palace was announced: "It looks as though some old bonzes were about to enter," says Octave. "Oh! those old gossips again," rejoins Loto; "it is better to go shooting woodchucks than to remain among all these geese." The "old bonzes" arrived: they were magistrates, higher officers, an academician, a poet and a musician. They converse gaily together on several topics; and are much interested by the question asked them by their hostess: "What is the greatest joy you have ever experienced?"

While they are discussing, speaking all at the same time with juvenile enthusiasm, the youths arrive. They slowly descended the steps, bow with the automatic air now so much in vogue, take their places in silence, assume a graceful posture and listen. Mark the effect their starchy manner, their smiles and their sarcastic questions have on the old people: their gaiety vanishes: their tones are more subdued: one would think they were mischievous children surprised by their grandfathers and reminded how they should deport themselves.

During tea the youths conversed in whispers. Octave, however, snubbed the general, who was singing the praises of the army. Loto repelled the academician, who was extolling Lamartine. "We would give," said he, "all this nonsense for a page either of Bourget or of Maupassant. Mme. de R—could do nothing but smile and excuse her children. The meal over, the youths go into an adjoining room. Their conversation is now louder. Loto, more cautious, listens at the door leading into the room where the old people are. "Oh! if you only heard them; it is enough to make one laugh. They are again trying to determine which was their most joyous day!"

These actions were, after a while, noticed by their uncle, who was in the next room, and caused him much displeasure. He listened at their door. You may imagine the great things he heard! "Pacha won first money in the race. Gontran, who was blackballed at Mialiton's." Then silence and yawnings, like people tired of life. Their uncle, entering the room, said: "So it

was for the purpose of talking of these affairs that you were so anxious to leave us. I know now what are all the spirited and humorous things you have to speak about. Well, I would have you know that the dunces and gossips, whom you make so much sport of, have a hundred times more charm and sense than you! They are the youths; you the old people. You are there, seeking to learn your vocation and to study yourselves. Ah! I know your vocation; it is to do nothing, and to laugh at everyone. But, blackguards that you are, since you blush to be young, disguise yourselves at once as old men; put gray wigs on your heads, print wrinkles on your face, and you will be perfect."

The youths regarded the old man calmly and attentively. Toto, the tirade finished, throw his arms about his neck and said coaxingly: "Now, Tonton, do not get angry; we promise you not to laugh at anyone again. Nevertheless, they are not reasonable about Lamartine. Think of it; 'golden pen' Lamartine; it is outrageous." Their uncle, being free from this wasp's nest, gave vent to his ill-feeling: "We no longer see," said he sadly, "homes where all is in order, where each one is in his place, the grandmother seated like a queen in her arm-chair, the parents and friends talking around her and the children playing in the next room. No! Now the children occupy the arm chair, their parents are at their feet, and soon we shall see the grandmother in the chamber, as among the farmers!"

The story is a good one, told by a worldly man, by a writer, who, perhaps, was not able to contribute anything to make our young people what they are. But a moral is wanting: "This fable shows,"—as *Æsop* and *La Fontaine* would say. Oh! pardon; here is the moral. Their uncle happened to speak of a young man, a poor orphan, brought up by charity, modest, good-willed, winning—in a word the very opposite of his handsome nephews. This child at least was not spoiled. They did not take away from him the priceless charm of a good nature, the frankness that God gives to youth, and, above all, they taught him to show respect to all.

It remains to be told the course parents should adopt to teach their children to show respect. Possibly M. Saint-Genest will give us his views on this subject another time.—*La Semaine Religieuse.*

The Lord Mayor of London Serves Mass.

The present Lord Mayor of London, as our readers are aware, says the *Ave Maria*, is a devout Catholic, and he has often made emphatic profession of the faith that is in him. The Bonn correspondent of the *Germania* relates that during his visit to that city the Lord Mayor asked as a privilege to be allowed to serve mass in the chapel of the University. He performed this duty with great devotion, to the no small edification of those who were present. Sir Stuart Knill is not the first of the world's heroes who esteemed it a high favor to kneel upon the altar-steps; but this incident, though seemingly a trifling one, is in reality very significant. It affords the truest insight into the man's character, and ranks him with England's great Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, and our own Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

Mr. Nicholas Fitzgerald, of Fortlands Charleville, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for Cork County.

Cashmere Shawls.

One day we went to town to visit a manufactory of Cashmere shawls. After a terrible unattractive approach, we again clambered up some stairs and emerged into a large room, full of looms, with about forty men all hard at work. One we especially watched. He had in front of him nearly a thousand shuttles of different shades, and out of these he would select one and thread it through as many of the fine strands stretched tightly before him as his pattern directed, and after so doing he pulled toward him a heavy bar, which pushed the last little cross thread quite tight, before putting in the next.

In old days one man used to read out the pattern to all the rest, but now each has his own design on a slip of paper in front of him. It is said that the wavy line, so often seen in these shawls, was originally taken from the curves of the Jhelum. It took four months, we were told, for two men to do seven inches of this work, one yard wide, working from 5 in the morning till 5 in the evening every day, so it was hardly to be wondered at that two yards should cost nearly £100.

As we left the workroom, so glad to exchange its heated atmosphere for a cooler breath of air, it was impossible to check the obvious thought of the contrast such lives are to our own. We mingled with the gayly-dressed crowd gathered to see a polo tournament, and our thoughts strayed back to that stifling room, with the ceaseless monotony and perpetual grind, where men, more like machines, wove hour after hour varying hues of color into one harmonious whole. And yet the old smile would also assert itself, that we too, in one sense, are hour by hour working in the tiny threads that go to make up the pattern and color of our lives. The whole design, however, does not lie open before us, but is mercifully withheld by an all-wise Master-hand.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

The Tower of Silence.

The Parsees will not burn or bury their dead, because they consider a dead body impure, and they will not suffer themselves to defile any of the elements. They therefore expose their corpses to vultures, a method revolting, perhaps, to the imagination, but one which commends itself to all those who are acquainted therewith. And, after all, one sees nothing but the quiet, white-robed procession (white is mourning among the Parsees) following the bier to the Tower of Silence. At the entrance they look their last on the dead, and the corpse bearers—a caste of such—carry it within the precincts and lay it down, to be finally disposed of by the vultures which crowd the tower. And why should the swoop of a flock of white birds be more revolting than what happens at the grave?

Meantime, and for three days after, the priests say constant prayers for the departed, for his soul is supposed not to leave the world till the fourth day after death. On the fourth day there is the Uthanna ceremony, when large sums of money are given away in memory of the departed. The liturgy in use is a series of funeral sermons by Zoroaster.

Of superstitions, the Parsees have had more than they retain. Connected with burial is the popular conception as to the efficacy of a dog's gaze after death. Dogs are sacred, and supposed to guide the souls of the dead to heaven, and to ward off evil spirits; hence it is customary to lead a dog into the chamber of death, that he may look at the corpse before it is carried to the Tower.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

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HOME RULE!

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has now in press, and will shortly have published, a verbatim report of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the first and second readings of the Home Rule measure now before the

ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Ruesell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, McCarthy, Davitt Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historic interest, the undersigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

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THE CATHOLIC REGISTER is pleased to announce that Messrs. Patrick Mungovan and Thomas Dalgiman have been appointed its Travelling Agents. Mr. Mungovan will attend to the REGISTER's interests East of Toronto, and Mr. Dalgiman will represent it West. We bespeak for each a generous reception amongst our friends, in whose cause the REGISTER is privileged to speak, and which it will always uphold to the utmost of its power.

Our City Agent.

Mr. Lawrence O'Byrne is duly authorized to solicit subscribers and collect subscriptions for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER in the city. Orders entrusted to him in this connection will receive prompt attention at the office of the REGISTER.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

Nov. 16—S. Jesaphat, Bishop and Martyr.
17—S. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Bishop and Confessor.
18—Dedication of the Basilica of SS. Peter and Paul.
19—Twenty-sixth Sunday after Pentecost. S. Pontian, Pope and Martyr.
20—S. Felix of Valois, Confessor.
21—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
22—S. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr.

The P. P. A.

The *Globe* deserves credit, and the thanks of the community for its manly lecture to the P. P. A. which appeared in its issue of last Monday. This vile Association, bent on poisoning the wells, is now assuming a very aggressive part, and to try its strength has brought into the political field in East Lambton a candidate, Mr. P. D. McCallum. He describes himself as an independent Reformer, "advocating reforms which are demanded by the people, animated by a desire to do my duty to the State, and standing firm for the principle, equal rights to all and special privileges to none." As the *Globe* very fairly puts it, "he has no right to make an appeal to justice by declaring publicly for the principle of 'equal rights to all and special privileges to none' and at the same time countenance flagrant injustice by becoming the candidate of a party which proposes to exclude Roman Catholics from positions of trust and honor, to win the support of moderate men by a temperate public deliverance, and at the same time to obtain the aid of the other forces by a general understanding that he is the candidate of the Protestant Protective Association. If that association is supporting him it ought to come out into the open, tell the people exactly what it advocates, make its charges against the Roman Catholic Church with precision and substantiate them by testimony. If it decline this challenge it will condemn itself in the judgment of all thinking and reasonable men."

The *Globe* concludes the article "In this Province and at this day a crusade against priestcraft is as absurd

an anachronism as would be a crusade against witchcraft. The attempt to exclude Catholics from a share in government will fail, as it deserves to fail. There is no excuse for it, either in Provincial or in Federal politics. It is obvious that a community two-fifths of whose members are Catholics can never grow into a nation with the majority attempting to hold the minority in a position of inferiority, or with Protestants and Catholics regarding one another with continual jealousy and distrust. It is not worth while expending money and effort upon the attempt to build a nation upon any other foundation than justice and equality."

That puts the case fairly and squarely. Our people are citizens, full and equal to all others in this country. We ask no favors beyond what are ours in common justice. We make no appeal to the members of an Association pledged to do their utmost by fair means and foul against us. But we do appeal to the calm judgment of the reasonable portion of the community; and if the *Globe* voice well that portion, our appeal is not in vain. We want to live at peace with our fellow-citizens, but we do not intend to purchase that peace by the sacrifice of principle or the price of dishonor. Men bound together by secret oath are a bitter, relentless foe; but such associations never yet won a worthy cause, or advanced a country's welfare. It will be so with the P. P. A. For our people the trial may be hard to bear; but let them carry themselves with courage, united, undaunted, and they will speak of the victory which cometh to every patient man.

Morley on the Irish Policy.

Notwithstanding the discouraging predictions and pessimistic views of Mr. W. G. Smalley the Gladstonian determination to win Home Rule for Ireland is unwavering and strong as ever. Hon. John Morley, on Wednesday of last week, paid a visit to Manchester, the stronghold of Joe Chamberlain, Unionist chief, and addressed an immense gathering in the Free Trade Hall of that city. He made a general defence of Mr. Gladstone's policy with regard to both foreign and domestic affairs. He declared that the Government would not whittle one iota from the Home Rule Bill, but would stand shoulder to shoulder to resist to the uttermost the irresponsible veto of the non-representative chamber, the House of Lords. Undoubtedly, he said, a great strain would be placed now upon the Irish members by pressure of British Legislation, but the Irish might rest assured that it was "the persevering intention of the Liberal party to meet their demands. If there should be any playing fast and loose with the Home Rule question, the Liberal party would suffer a greater split than in 1886."

In plain words, the Irish Secretary gave the British masses to understand that unless their representatives in the Commons vote solidly and unflinchingly for every item in the Home Rule Bill their cause is lost. There would ensue such division in the Liberal party as to give an easy triumph to their hereditary foes, the greedy monopolists and plutocracy both of England and Ireland. The future secret of England's happiness and greatness is to be found in the contentment and prosperity of the Irish people.

The Christian Home.

How often do we hear it said, when some unfortunate creature is guilty of a heinous crime, or grave misdemeanour, "He attended a Catholic college," or "She went to a Convent school," as if these institutions were solely accountable for conduct in after life of those who once entered their doors. There are many influences at work in forming the youthful character, and in laying the foundation of a life for good or for evil. There is one place whose influence is more potent than that of the school or society, and that place is home. Nature has intended the parental teaching to be the strongest factor in the educational problem. The child comes into the world the tenderest of God's creatures. Years elapse before the dawn of intelligence—the natural guiding-star of maturer years. Like the opening of the morning rosebud, this faculty unfolds itself; and its tint, health and beauty are drawn from the atmosphere of the garden in which it grows. And, Oh! could parents but be brought to a sense of the vast responsibility which rests upon them, how many blighted lives would be saved. This is a mighty subject. Volumes have been written upon it. Holy men have preached, with burning zeal, to parents from the first ages of Christianity to the present time. And still the work goes on, and still many are lost by reason of negligent home culture.

We may here cite a few qualities of a Christian home. In the first place the home should be the garden of prayer. It is at the knee of the pious mother that those prayers are learned which will be remembered and said long through life. If the morning and evening devotions, grace before and after meals, the Angelus when the parish bell tolls, be strictly recited there is little fear but this habit will continue from the nursery to the grave. There are so many unfortunate homes in which this primary duty to our Creator is neglected. Such homes are spiritually barren. The world or Satan rules. Again parental authority should be insisted on—not tyranny, but wholesome firmness in having the child obey in what is right. When the will is not trained to bend in youth there is danger of headlong destruction in after years. But, with all this, home should be made pleasant. Home, that one fair spot on earth famed in fiction, fact and song, should be the heart's great magnet. Pleasant faces should be there, love abound, music while away the leisure hours. Books, good books to interest and instruct the youthful mind should be at hand.

We enter some homes, and how sickly they appear. The family library consists of a few small prayer books, a catechism perchance, and an almanac. There is not even a Catholic newspaper. The weekly paper of the town, with the latest crimes and scandals in large print, may be read; but no other. No wonder that the boy, when grown to manhood, seeks the saloon or roves the earth; that the daughter forms alien associations. Home was not what it should be.

Again, how much neater some homes are than others. Everything

is in its proper place. There may not be luxury, but there is love and comfort. The walls are hung with pious pictures. Here hangs the picture of the Sacred Heart. There is the mild face of the Madonna, looking down upon her earthly children; inspiring purity, modesty and affection. A Catholic home is known when we enter by the pictures on the walls. Then the floors may not be richly carpeted, but they can be kept neat. The family sits round the cheerful hearth. One, perhaps, plays a soul-stirring air, or sings for those assembled. It may be that an interesting chapter is read from some wholesome author. Members of good families are invited at times, and like invitations returned, and thus and in such like ways the family are kept together.

When years have passed and each member has taken his particular path in life, he may look back with joy and fondness on the home of his childhood, and bless the grey hairs of a good father and virtuous mother, or breathe a prayer of pious memory over the graves in which they lie.

That Resolution.

We deem it just to all concerned in the Resolution about a rejected school master, which appeared in our last issue, to give the names. For intolerant persecution we have not met its equal for many a day. That a Protestant should first be selected as teacher, and then rejected by a Board of Trustees because his wife was a Catholic and he attended Church with her, is a state of affairs as lamentable as it is shameful. It is a disgrace to the school section in which it occurred, and would be a disgrace to the narrow minded bigots who brought it about if they were not too small for anger and too low for contempt. But it is well that their names should be handed down to history, if for nothing else, at least to show the meanness of human nature. The Section was No. 8 of the Township of Kilsyth. The motion was moved by JOHN BLACK and seconded by JOHN LISK. We respectfully call the attention of the Minister of Education to this case of gross injustice. Are these men fit to be charged with a public trust of any kind, that they take away to-day the confidence which they placed in the candidate whom they themselves appointed yesterday, giving as the only reason, "the feeling in the section against employing a teacher in any way connected with the Church of Rome?" We answer, decidedly not.

English Geography.

We are somewhat surprised to find the following in our excellent English contemporary—the *Weekly Register*. "We are familiar with the name of Poughkeepsie, a town in Minnesota, because it has its 'plan' for the reconciliation of Denominational and State interests in the support and management of the Catholic school." Poughkeepsie is in New York, and half as far from Minnesota as it is from London, England. How very familiar English people are with the names of American towns!

With the approval of the Holy Father, a Theological College is to be established in the south of England.

Madame de Barat.

The ladies who devote themselves so unsparringly, and with such admirable success, to the formation of character and cultivation of both heart and mind in the schools and convents of the Sacred Heart are all of opinion that too much honour can never be awarded the memory and name of their sainted foundress, Madame de Barat. The great works and exalted virtues of Madame de Barat fill a very wide and interesting chapter in the history of the Catholic Church during the period of rest and recuperation which succeeded the French Revolution and the Wars of Napoleon. Her establishment in Paris of an academy for young ladies of the bourgeoisie and more opulent classes was a necessity in the disorganized state of society which then existed. The teachings of Voltaire's school, that scoffed at everything sacred, and the traditions of the late Revolutions, had left Catholic Faith very much weakened, and laxity of morals, as a natural consequence, the rule in wealthy and aristocratic circles.

To reintroduce religious influence and practice into the bosom of families where unbelief or indifference reigned, to bring back its ancient christian vigour and saving virtues and chivalrous devotion to French society was the arduous, almost impossible, task which Madame de Barat set before her. But what may not sincerity of purpose, indomitable courage and deep and never-relaxing piety accomplish with a spirit of self-sacrifice and ever-abiding trust in the all-powerful, all-consuming Heart of Jesus, to whom she consecrated her every thought and plan and word and effort? The educational establishments founded in the very centre of Parisian fashion and frivolity were the salvation of many distinguished families, in which piety had become extinct. The whole tone of Society, from being of the ribald, scoffing character, was changed into one of respect and deference for religious practice and eminent virtue. Madame de Barat achieved in the hearts of men and women what the most effective and eloquent preachers failed to accomplish. Her highly-cultured and gifted lady pupils silenced the sophisms of the university student, and drew husbands and brothers to honour, virtue and worship of God in Notre Dame or St. Genevieve.

But the work of rescuing from infidelity or indifference was not confined to Paris. Academies for the higher education of young ladies were opened in Lyons, Toulouse, Marseilles and other great centres of population and commerce. Madame de Barat went in person to purchase the sites and watch and direct every detail of the new institutions of her order. Nor did she leave any one house until it was thoroughly equipped and satisfactorily progressing. Educational institutions directed by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart are now found, it may be said, on every isle and continent, successfully working out the great secret of making Christian families bright, honoured and cheerful by the exercise of enlightened Catholic piety, and the gentle, though powerful, influence which their numerous pupils

wield for the adoption of all that is good and pure and true.

The multitudinous proofs of Madame de Barat's sanctity have urged the Holy See to declare her name and person entitled to veneration. Proceedings are just now, we learn, being advanced towards her Beatification. For the purpose of assisting the promoters in pressing the cause for the decision of the Holy See, the remains of the Venerable Defunct were exhumed early in October last, and evidence given on oath as to the state of preservation in which was found the body of her whom no doubt we shall be entitled in due process of time to honour as a Saint of God, and pray to as a powerful advocate before the throne of Him who saith to His faithful dispensers of the gifts of Grace: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over few things I will place thee over many kingdoms."

An interesting account of the process of exhuming the body of the dead Saint is given in a letter written to one of her companions by a novice at Conflans, Paris. The letter was sent to Angouleme and copied there for our benefit. We offer an imperfect translation of it to our readers, feeling that the details therein mentioned will be of general interest, while the mesdames of the Sacred Heart and their pupils, both present and past, will be especially gratified:

The all-absorbing topic in Sacred Heart circles just now is the opening of the vault wherein have reposed during the last 23 years the precious remains of Madame Barat, foundress of the Order which to-day has flourishing branches established in all parts of the world. The work of disinterment began on the first day of October, Monsignor Caprara, sub-promoter of the cause of beatification, Monsignor Bannard and several priests began breaking the seals and taking down the stone work that enclosed the vault. At 10 30 a.m. on Monday, the 2nd October, the coffin was exposed to view, and with some difficulty was drawn out from its niche, as it was eaten away with verdigris and the cover sunk in. A white cloth was thrown over it, and the iron door of the vault closed up and sealed until the arrival of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris.

The presence of his Eminence was announced by the tolling of Church and Convent bells, which soon brought together all the members of the Sacred Heart Community, together with the lay Sisters, and orphans in their charge. The young lady boarders had not yet returned from their holiday vacation.

The Cardinal Archbishop, followed by all the priests, went down the steps leading to the vault; and having inspected the decayed casket, ordered its removal. It was a thrilling moment for all present when the coffin appeared, borne by four priests. We could easily see, in spite of the white cloth thrown over it, that the top cover had sunk in. It was carried into the chapel of Our Lady of Sorrows, which is immediately above and over the vault. The coffin was opened very slowly and carefully, and beneath the folds of decayed linen, glued together by rusture and mildew, a corpse appeared. But they feared to touch it, lest the contents should crumble it into dust. With the exception of the head-dress, the clothing, altogether of brownish colour, is intact. The hands are particularly well preserved. Clasped in them was a little crucifix in metal, all green with verdigris. The Cardinal took it up, saying: "This belongs to the Mother General of the Order."

Two physicians present declared that the perfect preservation of the body was wonderfully remarkable. Several members of religious communities and people in general were then admitted into the chapel, and everybody, priests and people, were in a state of excitement, climbing on chairs and benches to have a better view of the sacred remains. Four of our Rev. Mothers, and among them Mother Desoudin, held up the cloth which had been thrown over the coffin, and could see all very closely.

Our dear lamented Mother, the venerable Madame Barat, is well preserved in every limb and feature. The colour is yellowish brown, but people who know her in life easily recognize her as she appeared during her last illness and on her death-bed. Her tongue is quite flexible, but a painful im-

pression is conveyed by her mouth, which is quite open.

Two secular ladies were called in to put a new suit of clothing on the body of our Venerable Mother. Mother Georgina obtained permission to give them a helping hand, and placed a new cap on the safely defunct. Mother de Sartorius was there also, and gave up her ring to be placed on the finger of our venerable Mother. It has since been taken off, and a new ring been put on instead. Madame Babinet chanced to have a cross in her pocket, and Rev. Mother Didier gave her professional chaplet, while Mother Georgina handed over her rosary, and another person present offered her crucifix. Thus again was our dear venerable Mother once more vested, as on the day when she took her final vows and renounced the world for Christ, who is now her reward exceeding great.

A procession was again formed, and our blessed Mother, with a new habit and in a new handsome coffin, was brought back to the vault; but so many were reaching out objects—such as beads, medals and crosses—to touch her body, that the Rev. Father who is Judge in the cause of Beatification had to interpose his authority to stem the rush. The new coffin is sealed and stamped with the Archiepiscopal seal, and the vault walled in as before. The clothing in which she had lain for 23 years, and all the pieces of the old coffin, are kept in the room used formerly as a study hall for the novices. Mother Georgina holds the key of this room, and had to make oath before the Cardinal Archbishop that she would exercise careful vigilance over these relics, and never allow but one person at a time to enter with her, either for inspection or veneration.

The Evangelical Churchman.

Our worthy contemporary must of all necessity be either a paragon of dullness or a consummate joker, with a very unsophisticated clientele to cater for. Its article on Papal Infallibility is a mixum gatherum of bold assertions unwarranted deductions and controversial cant. The *Evangelical Churchman* says "We pointed out in a recent article the change on the part of Rome in regard to Papal infallibility. Keenan's celebrated catechism declared 'it is no article of Catholic Faith'; therefore it is absurd for Romanists to claim that 'Rome never changes'."

Waving the vulgarity of calling things out of their names, a child ought to see the difference between the time when Infallibility was a Dogma, and the time when it was not a Dogma of the Catholic Church. Previous to the Vatican Council Papal Infallibility was just as true as it is now; but it was not an article of Faith, defined by the Church as such. Keenan's celebrated catechism does not deny it, but merely says that in Keenan's time it was not an article of Faith. If ingrained dullness so clouds the vision of the *Churchman* that it cannot see the difference, we pity its readers.

As a proof that "Rome changes" the *Churchman* instances the doctrine of transubstantiation, which the *Churchman* maintains "was first publicly taught by Paschasius Radbert in the ninth century." It is surprising what little practical utility the Bible is to some people. Most assuredly the source of all truth taught it at His last Supper, when He said: "This is my body." St. Paul taught it publicly when he declared that whosoever received unworthily was guilty of sacrilege, as not discerning the Body of the Lord. Here is transubstantiation laid down as a Dogma that must be accepted by all under pain of forfeiting Heaven by exposing oneself to the crime of High Treason against the Son of God.

St. Ignatius of Antioch in the first century wrote: "The Gnostics abstain from the Eucharist and prayers because

they will not believe that the Eucharist is the flesh of our Saviour Jesus Christ." St. Cyril of Jerusalem in the fourth century said, addressing the Catechumens: "He Himself having declared, this is My body, who shall dare henceforth to doubt? He at Cana turned water into wine, which is akin to blood; and is He undeserving of belief when He changed wine into blood?" St. Augustine wrote. "That chalice, after being sanctified by the word of God, is the blood of Christ."

How foolish of the *Evangelical Churchman* to cheat history and impose on its credulous subscribers the figment that transubstantiation was not taught until the ninth century.

The *Churchman* accuses Rome of keeping "Scripture in the background." But it is better to keep it any where than to close your eyes and ears and understanding against its most positive injunctions. Well, indeed, hath the Holy Spirit said by the prophet: "They have eyes to see, and they see not."

Literary Note.

A very learned and also a very timely work has been kindly sent us by Benziger Bros. of New York, entitled *Christ in Type and Prophecy* by Father Maas, S.J., of Woodstock College, Md. We might expect something special from the pen of the distinguished author, but the erudition he displays in this work is as deep as it is varied in matter. The subject is many-sided—it is a weapon against stubborn Jew and critical metaphysician; it is a fountain of dogma and a stream of devotion. From all these points of view Father Maas has looked at the great historical finger-posts which point to the one central Figure around whom the world clusters—some with loving hope, others with unreasoning hate, all with awe and astonishment. Not only are the Sacred Books of the Jews explained and expounded; but various other Messianic prophecies, so widely diffused among nations, occupy a deservedly important place in the book, for prophet and sibyl alike, bear witness to the "Word made Flesh." Such a work is most timely, for there is outside of the Catholic Church an anti-Christian tendency of thought and literature. Partly through Judaic influence of wealth, partly through the widespread Hegelian philosophy, partly through the anti-Catholic prejudice abroad, the doctrine of the Messias is not so definite as truth requires. And it bases much of its support upon the prophecies of the Old Testament. It is well, therefore, that a Catholic writer should treat the subject, and better that a learned Jesuit has taken it in hand and treated it in such a scholarly manner.

An Impostor.

An individual calling himself Father Ambrose, and claiming to belong to St. Michael's College, has been going around the country collecting for the Sisters of the Precious Blood. We deem it our duty to warn our readers against such fraudulent people. He is not, and never was, attached to St. Michael's College, and has no authority whatever to collect for the Sisters of the Precious Blood, or any other Catholic cause connected with the Archdiocese of Toronto.

Weekly Retrospect.

Every person, especially in Canada, has an idea of their own regarding the delightful season of "Indian Summer." Surely no one will dispute our having had it this year and a good long one it has been, and so thoroughly enjoyed by everybody. But with all the beautiful mild weather we've had, the long dreary siege of Winter is before us, with the suffering, poverty and sickness it brings in its trail.

For some years past, at this season of the year, the ladies of St. Basil's organize themselves into a Sewing Society. They meet every Thursday afternoon, and for a few hours no sound is to be heard but the humming of the sewing machine, the soft click of many needles and the snapping of thread. Occasionally this is broken by, "I have done this; would you please tell me what to do next?" and the amiable President is always ready to comply. In her absence the Vice-President takes her place. These good ladies have only met five afternoons as yet this season, and the work that has been accomplished is really surprising. The shelves in their cupboard are piled with articles of clothing of all descriptions, from wee dresses for children to old women's bonnets, which are quite tastefully trimmed. All this work has been cut out and made up this season, so there have been no idle moments passed; in fact one would imagine they had stepped into a beehive, to see the needles plying, as if work were being done for all Toronto. The Society is open to any contributions of cloth, flannel or any material. If generous persons so disposed would address any parcel to the St. Basil's Sewing Society, care of Rev. Father Brennan, they would not only have the hearty thanks of the Society, but would share in many a poor person's "God bless you."

"Give thy heart's best treasures,
From that Nature earn.
Give thy love—and ask not,
Wait not a return!
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more."

Miss Marguerite Dunn's recital in Association Hall was a decided success, with regard to that young lady's efforts; but we regretted very much it was not better attended. The audience was rather slim, and an intellectual treat was missed by those who were not present. *Saturday Night's* friendly notice of Miss Dunn is unavoidably held over till next week.

The mansion which has been purchased recently in Washington as a fitting residence for the Papal Delegate, Monsignor Satolli, has rather an interesting history. In 1858 three United States' Senators desired to build homes near each other. The projectors were Stephen A. Douglas, J. C. Breckinridge of Kentucky, and Rice of Minnesota. Senator Douglas selected a site on a corner of one of the most fashionable localities, which still retains its dignity. In due time the mansion was finished and ready for occupation. His marriage to Miss Cutts, a then reigning belle of the Capital, shortly after took place amidst a blaze of glory in St. Aloysius Church—the groom becoming a Catholic in deference to the bride. After the ceremony came the reception in the new mansion. The rooms were gay with joyous crowds, lights and flowers; champagne flowed freely; slaves hustled to and fro; and a scene so grand as this could only be seen when the South was in all its glory. It was in the reception room at the right of the entrance the Senator heard the result of the Charleston Convention. And breathless excitement was announced. "Senator Stephen A. Douglas is nominated for the Presidency." Douglas, who had been standing during the scene, smote the marble-top center table blow with his fist, and in a determined way exclaimed. "This means dissolution." Dissolution indeed to

the South. If only the desolation of the next few years could have been revealed to the ardent politicians, how many heart-aches would have been saved.

The walls are of pressed brick without any attempt at ornamentation. The structure has a frontage of 48 feet and is 150 feet deep. After going up the brown stone steps the visitor passes through the heavy oaken doors, well carved and highly polished, into the vestibule. The floor of this is finely tiled, and the walls and ceiling done in Indian red. On the right is the historic reception room, which is to be used as a waiting room. The walls are papered in white and gold. Gold moldings run round the room at intervals. There is an open fireplace under a white marble mantel, and handsome new gas fixtures. In the rear of this room and on the right of the corridor is the butler's pantry. What was the ball room in the early days and library in Justice Brady's time will be the public office, and here all the business will be transacted. A wide stairway leads to the second floor, and here are the Delegate's apartments, his private office and sleeping room. In the rear are two large spare rooms for the use of visiting ecclesiastics. Between these rooms, and accessible from the main corridor, is a well-appointed bath for the use of the entire floor. The third floor is similarly planned, and is for the use of the Legate's suite. The fourth is for the servants, and a large room here is fitted up as a beautiful chapel. Adjoining this is an apartment containing immense cedar chests, in which the sacred vestments will be kept.

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"Thank Who?"
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Now.

Kisses which fall upon the dead's mute lips,
Like dew on roses which the first frost nips,
Come all too late:
'Tis better far to give them while the lips can speak;
The golden chord of life at best is weak!
Ah! do not wait.

Kind words in ears whose earthly powers are spent,
Like sunshine on the tree by lightning rent,
Can give no balm:
'Tis better far to give them while those ears can hear;
For life has much of woe, and much of fear!
And love brings calm.

It is too late when life's lamp burneth low—
When hands once warm are chill as winter's snow—
To do kind deeds:
'Tis better here, where feet are prone to slide,
'Tis better now than wait till ev'ntide
To help their needs.

Ah, friend! dear friend!—if any such there be—
Keep not your loving thoughts away from me
Till I am gone:

I want them now to help me on my way,
As lonely watchers want the light of day
Ere it is morn.

And though sometimes my heart o'er some sore
Wrong,
Long brooding, weaves some bitter-ness in song;
'Tis but a shade

Within life's texture where the best are poor,
O, close not up to many faults Love's door!
I need your aid.

Selected Receipts.

EGG AND OYSTER OMELET.—Beat up four eggs and season to suit the taste; chop up six large oysters; make a batter of half a cupful of flour and half a pint of milk; mix the whole well together, stirring well, and fry slowly.

SCALLOPED FISH.—Any cold fish, one egg, milk, one large blade of pounded mace, one tablespoonful of anchovy sauce, pepper and salt to taste, bread-crumbs and butter. Pick the fish carefully from the bones, and moisten with the milk and egg; add the other ingredients, and place in a deep dish or scallop shells; spread over with bread-crumbs, butter the top, and brown before the fire; when quite hot, serve.

ORANGE CHIPS.—Cut the oranges in quarters and carefully squeeze all juice through a sieve. Soak the peel in water, and the next day boil it till tender; drain, slice the peel, put it into the juice, weigh as much sugar and put all together into a broad earthen dish; place over the fire at a moderate distance, often stirring, till the chips candy, and then set them in a cool room to dry. They will not dry under three weeks.

CORNSTARCH CAKE.—Cream one and one-half cupfuls of sugar with one-half cupful of butter. Add one half cupful of milk. Mix one and one-half cupfuls of flour with one-half cupful of corn-starch, and sift one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder into it. Then cut and fold into the cake the stiffly-beaten whites of seven eggs. Flavor to taste. Bake in a moderate oven with a steady heat.

CREAMED SWEETBREADS.—Rinse one pair sweetbreads thoroughly in cold water. Cover with boiling water and simmer for twenty minutes. Drain, throw into cold water, let stand five minutes, then remove the membrane and pick to pieces with a silver knife. Make a cream sauce as follow: Melt one tablespoonful of butter, without browning, add one tablespoonful of flour; stir until smooth; then add one cup of cream and the sweetbreads. Stir gently until it thickens, take from the fire, season and serve.

PEACH PUDDING.—Prepare a pint of flour by sifting in it one teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt, then rub a teaspoonful of butter through it. Pare six large, ripe peaches, cut into halves and take out the stones. Add one beaten egg to half a cup of milk, thicken with the prepared flour and pour in a buttered baking pan. Arrange the peaches over the top, cut side up, put a drop of vanilla extract in each, fill with sugar, lay a bit of butter on the centre of each piece and bake in a hot oven. Serve hot, with plain sweetened cream or vanilla sauce.

Poultry Notes.

Remember, poultry that has good, full care are ready to commence the winter in good condition, and it is this kind that prove to be good winter layers. Hens that are neglected in the fall never are profitable.

The intelligent poultry-raiser has already selected the breeding stock for next season. Culling early and getting rid of the surplus cockerels means a lessening of the feed expense and gives the others a better chance.

The Langshan in the Southern States is raised with excellent success. It appears to thrive much better than any of the other Asiatics. The fowls of this breed raised in the South can hold their own with the best raised in the North.

One of the greatest secrets of success in raising chickens is to keep them growing by giving them a varied diet the more varied the diet the better. Keeping them so they are always tame is another advantage. A flock of tame fowls will prosper on less food than will wild ones.

Fowls eat nearly double the amount when laying freely than they do at other times. Laying hens may be seen in the evening after the other fowls have retired to roost, searching for and devouring greedily the large earthworms that come out after a soft, warm rain. Then, again, they require more food at moulting times than when neither laying nor moulting. The size of the pen is also of great importance. If they are so large that the grass grows freely and can not be beaten down, then the hens eat less corn and lay better. If they have a free grass range the best plan is to feed them twice a day, morning and night, giving them nearly as much as they can eat.

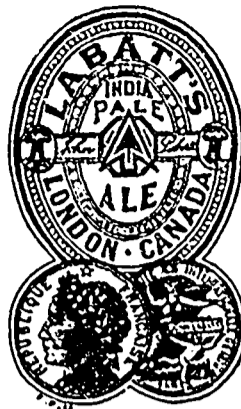
Cathedral Chimes.

The sweet chimes of the Cincinnati Cathedral are again heard after a silence of several months. For nearly thirty years these beautiful bells have been ringing their silver notes of peace and encouragement down to the crowded streets of the city, and the familiar sound was welcomed as the voice of a beloved friend.

The ravages of time clogged and injured the intricate clockwork to such an extent that a large amount of new machinery had recently to be substituted. The clock by which the bells are made to play is said to be a wonderful bit of mechanism. It was bought by the late Reuben Springer and donated to the Cathedral. The whole apparatus is said to have cost him \$20,000. The power is furnished by weights, and there are three different powers which produce the striking of the great clock, the running gear and the mechanism which produces the chimes. The clock movement is eight and one-half feet long by three and a quarter feet in width.

The bells which have been heard with so much pleasure by hundreds of thousands of people, are fifty feet above the mechanism which operates them. They are sixteen in number. Eleven of them are in circular form, and above them in a cluster are four smaller ones, and above this the largest bell of all, weighing about 1,500 pounds. It is said that the weight of all the bells will average 8,000 pounds, an enormous weight to be placed at such a great height. The time rod which indicates the hour on the face of the clock is eighty-five feet long. The chimes not only strike each quarter of an hour and hour of the day, but they play tunes every three hours. The air which are heard are "Home, Sweet Home," "Last Rose of Summer," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "O Sanctissima" and "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls."

It is rumored in Queenstown that it is contemplated to appoint a coadjutor Bishop for the Diocese of Cloyne.



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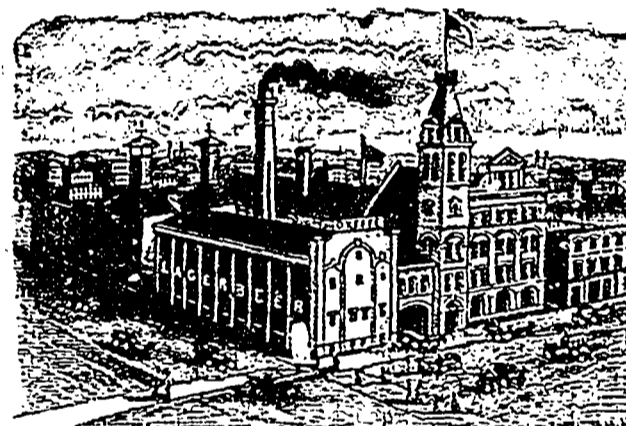
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

A fire in Donegal place, Belfast, on the night of October 17th, destroyed the Fine Art Gallery of Mr. Magill, and damaged the adjoining book-shop of Mr. Miller and the jewelry establishment of Messrs. Gibson.

The death of Mr. John Robson is announced as having taken place on Oct. 19th at his residence, Alberta terrace, Malone road, Belfast, after a few weeks' illness. Mr. Robson was principal of the long-established Royal Victoria Horse Bazaar Chichester street, and during his proprietorship he had made it one of the most important marts in Ulster. He was in his 71st year.

Clare.

At the recent competition among County Inspector's Clerks, for the post of Financial Clerk in the Police Department, Dublin Castle, Sergeant William Albert Adderly, of Ennis, was the successful competitor out of eight. The post is worth £40 a year. Sergt. Adderly had been two years in the County Inspector's Office, Ennis.

Galway.

The Quarter Sessions in Galway City opened on October 24th, before Recorder T. Rice Henn, who announced that he was glad to be able to inform the grand and petty jurors that there was not a single criminal case on the calendar, which spoke well for the orderly and peaceable condition of the city. He had therefore pleasure in releasing the jurors from further attendance.

Kerry.

On October 24th an old man named Wm. O'Connor, residing in Charles street, Listowel, was found dead in his room, which was locked from the inside, having, as the evidence on the inquest showed, died from natural causes, while in the act of shaving himself.

Kildare.

Mr. John Hannon, Pickfordstown, Killock, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the County Kildare.

Kilkenny.

The Rev. John Costigan, late C. C. of Callan, has been transferred to the Bishop's house at the Cathedral, Kilkenny.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. John Lyons, late of Sandford's Court. Mr. Lyons was ailing for a considerable period, but few expected that the fatal termination was so close at hand.

Limerick.

The Limerick Fishery Board, Alderman J. Connihan, J.P. (chairman) presiding, have elected Mr. Edward H. P. H'ford, assistant secretary, to be secretary, in room of the late Mr. J. B. Alton, at a salary of £100 a year.

Mr. Henry Bourke, son of Mr. T. M. Bourke, of George street, Limerick, after a severe studentship of some years, and the winning of gold medals over admittedly able competitors, has been called to the Bar in Brisbane, Australia.

Louth.

On Monday, October 23d, at two o'clock, his Eminence Cardinal Logue opened the Bazaar in aid of the Oliver Plunket Memorial Church, Drogheda, in the Whitworth Hall. The Corporation of Drogheda were officially represented at the opening ceremony, and the attendance was very large.

Longford.

In the Court-House, Longford on October 25th, County Court Judge Adye Curran, addressing the Grand Jury, said he was glad to be able again to congratulate them on the satisfactory state of the county. The report of the constabulary compared favorably with that of the previous sessions, being 11 to 5. With the exception of one murder case the 11 were of an ordinary kind. The report contained one very satisfactory element—that in nearly all the cases the parties charged had been made amendable.

Mayo.

Dr. Flanagan, son of Mrs. Flanagan, of Ballina, has been elected Medical Officer of the Cliffoey Dispensary District, in the Sligo Union.

Roscommon.

The Lords Justices have appointed Robert George Bell, Esq. (Resident Magistrate), to be a Resident Magistrate for the County of Roscommon.

Sligo.

Constable Callery, R. I. C., of Sligo, has been transferred to the depot, Phoenix Park, Dublin, where he has got an appointment on the drill staff.

Tyrone.

There died a few weeks ago an old woman named Rose Dowd, who resided at Washington, adjacent to the shores of Lough Neagh, and who passed away at the patriarchal age of 100 years. Deceased, till within a few months previous to her death, retained full possession of her faculties.

Waterford.

On October 20th a melancholy accident occurred at Waterford, by which a man named William Barry, a native of Glenmore, lost his life. Deceased, who was the father of a grown up family, while engaged with his son and another man on board of his boat fell into the water. His cries brought his son and a man named Power to his assistance, but before he could be got out of the river he was nearly dead, and lived only a few minutes after.

Westmeath.

After a lingering illness of ten months' duration, the Rev. John Corley, the highly esteemed and well beloved curate of Tang, peacefully departed this life on Oct. 20th.

Wexford.

The Rev. Thomas Hartley, C.C., Poulfur, is stated to be very ill, and the doctors hold little or no hope of his recovery. Father Hartley has been nearly three years in the curacy of Poulfur, to which he was appointed after his ordination.

League of the Cross.

St. Paul's Sodality of the above League held their regular quarterly meeting on Sunday, the 5th instant.

At the 8 o'clock Mass at St. Pauls about 160 members received Holy Communion in a body.

The regular meeting was held in the afternoon, the President, Mr. Geo. Duffy, presiding. The total abstinence pledge was administered to three new members by the Rev. Father Hand. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Tracey, and the President, Mr. Patrick Boyle, who was present, also addressed the members in a very encouraging manner.

In the evening the members assembled about two hundred in number and marched to the Church, where Musical Vespers was sung by the Rev. Father Reddin. The Rev. Dr. Tracey, Musical Director of the League, led the members in singing the litanies. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Hand, who delivered an eloquent discussion on the many evils resulting from the over indulgence in strong liquors, and very plainly showed his hearers that the only satisfactory way to combat the great evil was by prayer and the practice of the duties of their holy religion. He congratulated the members of the League upon having laid out their work upon these lines, and expressed the hope that before long all the young men in the parish would be enrolled under the folds of the protecting banner of total abstinence.

After the sermon some thirty members, who had joined the Society during the past three months, were invested with their medals. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought to a close a day that will long be remembered in the parish.

Catholic Ladies' Literary Association.

We have received from a correspondent some interesting facts with regard to the working and history of the above named Society, and regret that we are obliged to hold it over till next week.

Its first public meeting will be held on Monday evening next, the 20th instant. The past public meetings were most entertaining; and we have every confidence that the present will maintain the reputation the Society deserves. One great reason for this opinion is the fact that they have secured the services of the learned and eloquent speaker Father Ryan of St. Michael's Cathedral, who will lecture on "Catholic Idea of True Womanhood." The entertainment takes place in the Hall of the Society on McCaul street. It is hoped that on this occasion a crowded house will greet the lecturer and show that the people of Toronto appreciate the efforts made by the Catholic Ladies' Literary Association.

St. Paul's Ladies' Literary Society.

This account of St. Paul's Ladies Literary Society came too late for our last week's issue.

St. Paul's Ladies' Literary Society held the usual weekly meeting on Monday evening, Nov. 6th. An interesting programme was rendered, consisting of an address by Rev. Father Reddin, on the work—literary and musical—to be taken up by the Society during the coming winter. An essay on Music, by Miss Hallinan, displayed remarkable talent. Music and recitation made the evening pleasant as well as profitable.

The Society promises to excel this year, if enthusiasm is any guarantee of success.



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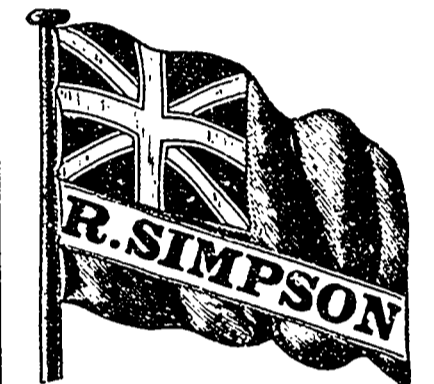
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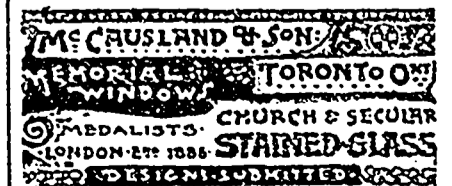
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- Ladies' Flannellet Wrappers, choice of 25 garments at \$1.50. House Jerseys, all sizes, \$1.25. Boys' Overcoats, with capes, \$2.25. Boys' Overcoats, \$1.85. Boys' Suits, two pieces, \$1.50. Boys' Suits, three pieces, \$2.75. Large assortment Heavy Shawls, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2. Waterproofs for 75c. Haptonette Waterproofs, \$3.50. Ladies' Kid Gloves, seven hook, lacier, 65c. White Chambray Mosquitaree Gloves, stitched with black or white, 65c, worth \$1. Special quality Ferris Lacing Gloves, \$1.25. Fine Unlined Buck Gloves for men, \$1. Boys' Lined Kid Gloves, good quality, 75c. All-wool Grey Flannels, 20c, worth 30c. Grey Union Flannels, 12 1/2c, worth 20c. Fast Color Prints, fancy patterns, 6c. Quilted Satens, 65c. Ladies' Heavy Black Cashmere Hose, 17 1/2c. Ladies' Cashmere Hosiery, our special, 35c. Ladies' Vests, H. S., 20c, worth 35c. Ladies' Merino Vests, 45c, worth 60c. Men's Laundered Shirts, 75c, were \$1. Men's Unlaundered Shirts, 45c, were 65c. Men's Cream Cashmere Mufflers, spotted, 20c, were 35c. Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, colored border, regular price 10c each, now 6 for 25c. 50 pieces Colin Spot Swiss Mullins for Curtains, 12 1/2c, regular price 20c. Serpentine Military Braids, scarer goods, 50c dozen yards. Lace Curtains, 2 1/2 yards, 25c, worth 45c. Lace Curtains, 3 1/2 yards, 75c, worth \$1.25. Mottled Tapestry Carpets, 20c, regular 30c.

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Catholic News.

Bishop De Goesbriand, of Burlington, celebrated the 40th anniversary of his consecration on Sunday, Oct. 29.

Right Rev. Dr. Carroll was consecrated in Birkenhead, England, on October 28 as Coadjutor to Bishop Knight of Shrewsbury.

Bishop Anser, of South Shantung, China, has received the decoration of the "Blue Button of the third class" from the Emperor of China.

On Friday, Nov. 8, Charles Laurenzi, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, died at his residence in Rome, Palazzo Torlonia.

Bishop Gabriels, of the Ogdensburg Diocese, sailed for Rome October 28, on his first and final visit since his consecration.

The new smokeless powder, which the army officers are trying for the United States Government, in Newport, R. I., was invented by a French priest, the Abbe Schneblin.

Bishop McGolrick, who was recently appointed a member of the Committee of Education of the Humane Society Duluth, Minn., has signified his willingness to lecture on humane work before the pupils of the public schools of that city this winter.

Rev. John Daly, Professor of Mathematics and Languages St. Viator's College, Kankakee, Ill., died on Nov. 6th, after a lingering illness.

The bulls of appointment of Rev. Edward J. Dunne, Rector of All Saints, Chicago, Ill., to the See of Dallas, Texas, were received by him Nov. 3d.

Rev. Father O'Sullivan, of St. Columba's Church, Louisville, Ky., was assaulted recently in his study by an insane man, who got an entrance into the house.

Rev. Thaddeus Anwander, C.S.S.R. of the Sacred Heart Church, Highlandtown, Maryland, died suddenly the 1st of Nov. He had suffered for some time with his heart.

Health, Strength, and Life.

Nothing can surpass Almozia Wine as a restorative when the vital forces are exhausted; it corrects and counter-balances the effects of the perturbation of the system; it gives tone to the system and protects the organization against debilitation.

At the meeting of the Drogheda Poor law Guardians a resolution in favor of amnesty to the political prisoners was passed.

The Death Roll.

MRS. DOWLING. Mrs. Dowling, mother of his Lordship, Bishop Dowling, died at her residence in Chicago on Saturday last.

MRS. KILROY. On Oct. 30, 1893, at her late residence, Windsor, Mrs. Margaret (Burke) Kilroy, aged eighty-two years.

Death came to her with a year's preparation. Stricken with paralysis on All Souls' Day, 1892, she suffered with sublime patience until, by a strange coincidence, her body was laid to rest in the graveyard of the Church of the Assumption at Sandwich on All Souls' Day, 1893.

MRS. ALICE MOORE. The Orillia Times of Thursday, the 2nd instant, gives the following account of the sudden death of Miss Alice, aged 14, daughter of Mr. Christopher Moore of that town: "The young lady was in her usual health on Tuesday evening and about 7:30 o'clock went out to invite some of her young friends to her house for the evening.

Condolence.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 111, C. M. B. A., held Nov. 9, it was moved by Bro. Madigan, seconded by Bro. Powers, and unanimously adopted: Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst the beloved wife of our esteemed Brother John Hand, be it

Resolved that the members of Branch No. 111 tender our sincere sympathy to him in his affliction, and pray God to give him fortitude to bear with patience his loss.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record for publication.

Hamilton.

The Empire of Tuesday last contains the following item from Hamilton reports: "Father Murphy, of St. Mary's Cathedral, has gone to Cayuga to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Father Bardon, until Christmas, when a permanent appointment will be made. Father Murphy has returned to the Cathedral."

THE MARKETS.

Table with columns for commodity names and prices. Includes items like Wheat, Corn, Hogs, and various oils.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Nov. 14.—Good to choice butchers' cattle could be quoted to-day at from 3 to 3 1/2c, but the latter figure was only occasionally touched; secondary and common stuff ranged from 2 1/2 to 2 3/4c per pound.

Newly-calved milkers were in request; only a few were here. One sold at \$54 and another at \$45. Sheep and lambs were in ample supply, and lambs were again weak, there were too many, and very low fetched over \$3 a head.

Hogs were again lower to the extent of 10 and 15c per hundred weight. For some lots of fed and watered \$5.15 and \$5.20 were paid.

INSIST UPON A Heintzman Co. Piano

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Catalogue Free on Application.

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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of November, 1893, mails close and are due as follows:

Table showing mail schedules for Toronto and other locations, including times for G.T.R. East, O. and Q. Railway, etc.

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7:00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district, should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.

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EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle poisons are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

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DIVIDEND No. 68.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the 1st day of December next, at the office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO 37.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. upon the capital stock of the Bank has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after FRIDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT.

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MALE OR FEMALE, 2nd or 3rd class, for R. C. S. S. No. 5, Normanby. Applications, stating salary and testimonials, received up to 1st of December. Address JOHN MURPHY, Ayton P. O., Ont.

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The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER XXI—(CONTINUED)

Heinrich had told Felicitas the contents of the will, as well as he could remember it. The place where the old mam'selle kept her silver was not mentioned, so far as she could learn from his account, and the young girl was greatly delighted. Unless the secret drawer should be discovered by some accident, she would be able to destroy the gray box ere any other eyes should rest upon it.

"I shall grieve over it all my life, Fay!" said Heinrich, sadly; they were sitting alone together in the servants' room. "Now you will have nothing at all. If the old mam'selle had only lived twenty-four hours longer, the will would have been changed and you would have been left lots of money—she loved you very much."

Felicitas smiled. The courage of youth, confiding in its own strength, with no thought of the fierce struggle for money, the care of providing for a helpless old age, sparkled in that smile.

"It is all right as it is, Heinrich," she answered. "All those poor people who have legacies need the money more than I, and Aunt Cordula undoubtedly had important reasons for the disposal of the principal portion of the property, which would have had their influence in the making of any other will."

"Yes, yes, there must have been some special tie to those Hirschsprungs," said Heinrich, thoughtfully. "Old Hirschsprung I remember perfectly. He was a shoe-maker and made my first pair of boots, one doesn't forget that. He lived in the street close by our house, and his boy and our old mam'selle played together when they were children. The boy afterward became a student, and is said to have been the old mam'selle's lover. People say, too—and that vexes me most of all—that this love affair was the death of her father, old Herr Hellwig. He would not hear of it, and once he had such a quarrel with her about it and she made him so angry, that he dropped dead on the spot—but I don't believe it. Soon after the old mam'selle went to Leipzig—the student had nervous fever and she remained with him and took care of him until he died. Her relatives were perfectly furious, declared that she had lost her reputation, and cast her off. The people here did the same thing, and nobody would so much as look at her when she returned. However this may be, it seems queer that those people who went away so long ago should be her heirs—they certainly couldn't have been any kin to the student. I don't understand it at all."

The next day the seals were removed from the rooms under the roof. Desolate days followed this act. The sky showed an unvarying leaden tint. Day and night the rain fell ceaselessly on roofs and pavements, while the dragon-heads on the old Hellwig house poured torrents of water down into the market-place. The yawning, wide-open jaws looked grimmer and more wrathful than ever. The muddy stream that plashed down upon the pavements might have been gall and venom. Had they not for years watched the treasures in the old house increase, a stream of money constantly flow in, while only a tiny rivulet trickled back into the world, a rivulet most closely guarded. Yet now a most unheard of thing was to happen—a large sum of money was to leave this house forever, and neither the strong walls nor the iron featured woman who sat behind the asclepias plant could prevent it.

During these rainy days, Felicitas had retired to the room near the servants' hall. She had been relieved from all hard domestic labor—doubtless by the professor's orders—but she sat actually buried under piles of old

linen she was mending; she was to eat no bread in this house that had not been earned by toil.

The fountain in the court-yard plashed monotonously; the rain pattered steadily on the broad leaves of the colt's-foot growing in a damp corner; sometimes a cock crowed in some neighbouring yard, or the gray tone diffused over every object by the colorless light was broken by a few doves, that perched on the dripping sills and spread the feathers to receive the rain. Light, color, movement seemed repressed, and this apathy extended even to the pale young girl sewing at the window. True, her hand moved steadily and regularly, but the beautiful profile bent over the work almost without motion. The terrible conflicts of life had thus far failed to impress the stamp of suffering and submission upon those features—they had merely grown whiter; it seemed as if they were actually becoming petrified in their expression of unyielding will and tenacious resistance.

But an anxious heart was throbbing under her coarse dark dress, and while her hand mechanically repaired all sorts of rents, her mind was tortured by impending tasks and conflicts. The lawyers had also searched in vain for the old mam'selle's silver and jewelry. At first this fact had had a soothing influence upon the young girl's mind, but Heinrich had ever since been in the utmost excitement and distress. Frau Hellwig had informed the commission, emphasizing her words with significant glances, that for many years Heinrich and the maid had been the only persons possessing free access to the old mam'selle's apartments—and upon this statement, which much resembled an accusation, the honest fellow had at once been pitilessly subjected to a most humiliating examination. He was fairly frantic. What torture it was to Felicitas to be compelled to witness her faithful old friend's agony, without permitting even a hint of the secret to escape her lips. Quiet and composed as he had usually appeared in all the vicissitudes of life, this suspicion nearly drove him wild, and the young girl had reason to fear that, under the irresistible desire to free himself from this abominable charge, he might commit some hasty or imprudent act at the very time when the utmost caution was needful to guard the old mam'selle's secret.

It was now doubly difficult to reach the rooms under the roof. On the day that the seals were removed, the professor had walked through his old aunt's apartments in a state of the utmost amazement, and then, as head of the house, had instantly taken possession of them. Possibly, at the sight of their original and charming arrangement, a light suddenly dawned upon him concerning the character and attainments of the lonely exile. He would not suffer a single piece of furniture to be moved from its place, and was very angry with the councillor's widow because she took a needle out of the pin-cushion.

He apparently intended to spend the remainder of his stay in his mother's house in the rooms under the roof. He only came down to the sitting room at meal times and then, Frederica said, "looked like a bear." But the councillor's widow had also taken a great fancy to the "charming, quiet nook," and begged her cousin, as a special favor, to let her come there often. Rosa was ordered to sweep the floor, and the young widow dusted the furniture with her own dainty hands. Thus Aunt Cordula's rooms were never unoccupied; besides, the professor had had the old-fashioned clumsy lock on the painted door replaced by a new one. Felicitas's key was of course useless—there was no way for her to enter except over the roofs.

At the thought of being obliged to steal into the rooms like a thief, she

always shook her head in abhorrence, and this watching for the first unguarded moment that the unsuspecting occupants were away was also loathsome to her. Yet she held firmly to her purpose, and a shudder ran through her limbs at the thought that the time still remaining for the fulfillment of her task had dwindled to two weeks.

At last the rainy days were over. A patch of blue sky overhung the court-yard, the colt's-foot dried its leaves in a cool, refreshing breeze; the swallows, which had countless nests under the roofs and window-sills of the old house, darted in and out, their little blue backs fairly glistening in the warm sunlight. It was a tempting day to spend out-of-doors. Perhaps tea would be served in the garden, and then she could take her way over the roofs. But Felicitas's hope was doomed to disappointment. Directly after dinner, Rosa came to the window and said that she must take Anna to the garden—the professor had promised the child that she might go. Afterward the whole family would come out there to tea.

Felicitas, leading little Anna by the hand, was soon walking "according to orders" through the lonely garden. Instead of the tiles of the roofs or the wooden floor of the lofty gallery, the gravel of the sunny paths was beneath her feet. During the rainy weather thousands of roses had blossomed. On the circle of turf in the garden stood tall bushes, whose dark, velvety flowers swayed high above the humble blades of grass, like the royal mantle of a king over his throng of subjects; but in the vegetable garden the common centifolia was less arrogant, its beautiful, fragrant crimson flowers grew familiarly beside the thick heads of rape, and mingled their bewitching perfume with the spicy odor of the beds of dill and leeks.

Felicitas passed the beautiful flowers with drooping head, and little Anna limped clumsily beside her, without disturbing, even by a word of childish prattle, the thoughtful reverie of her companion. Felicitas was thinking with burning pain of the rose-seasons of by-gone years—the flowers had quite another beauty and fragrance ere Aunt Cordula's dear kind eyes were closed forever, when she had sat on quiet Sunday afternoons beside her motionless pupil, reading aloud in her expressive voice the pages of some classic writer, while the most exquisite fragrance floated in to them from the balcony, and far away in the distance stretched the green land of Thuringia. There, too, the sweet feeling of home had gradually grown up in the young girl's soul, she had felt that she had a place in those peaceful, pleasant rooms, guided and protected by motherly love; there, if but for a few hours, she had been free, unrestrained in movements, thoughts, or opinions—and so the reces had been brighter and sweeter, the whole world steeped in more radiant sunshine.

She raised her head and looked over the hedge into the adjoining garden, where she caught the gleam of her neighbor's snow-white cap. The old lady was sitting at a table with her son, and leaning comfortably back in an arm-chair, while her knitting-needles flashed in her fingers, listened as he read aloud to her. It was a peaceful, homelike scene. Felicitas told herself that she should be to some extent free when she went to those people, that she could not fail to make some intellectual progress among persons so kindly and so highly cultured, that at any rate she would not be an automaton, moving "order," and whose hands must never rest, though neither eyes nor lips were permitted to reveal the existence of an active, independent mind.

Spite of this thought, her heart grew no lighter. Even before Aunt Cordula's death there had been something hidden in her soul which she was

unable to comprehend—a vague sense of pain that evaded closer scrutiny like a phantom. Only one thing was certain—it had some connection with the presence of her former oppressor. Before his arrival she had been firmly convinced that his appearance in person would sharpen her anger and resentment, but she had no idea that these feelings would react so mysteriously upon her own mood.

Now and then the roader's voice was heard over the hedge from the next garden—the tones were musical, but lacked the power, the variety of modulation the years had so wonderfully developed in the once monotonous accents of the professor. Felicitas threw back her head with an indignant gesture. Why should she make the comparison? She forced her thoughts into another direction, and fixed them on a subject which, since the reading of the will, had often occupied her mind. The court had appointed the young lawyer to be curator to the Hirschsprung heirs if, as was probable, they still existed. Advertisements had already appeared in the papers two days. Felicitas awaited the result with almost feverish impatience—it might bring her bitter pain. If the Hirschsprung from Kiel should appear in answer to this summons, which promised a large bequest, it would confirm the supposition that the juggler's wife had been disowned by her relatives. But what kind of people must those be, whose affection for a near relative could not be restored even by so tragical a death! Therefore she did not base a single hopeful thought upon the possible appearance of near relatives; she never meant to reveal her identity to them, yet her heart throbbled wildly at the thought that a day might come when her cruel grandparents would meet their unknown, silent grandchild.

The old lady had seen Felicitas and, rising, came forward with her son. Both greeted the young girl very cordially, and the young lawyer expressed his pleasure at the expectation of soon meeting her as a member of his mother's household. From this talk glided easily into a long conversation. The trained man of the world experienced a feeling almost akin to embarrassment in addressing this grave young girl, who gazed so frankly into his eyes while uttering, in remarkably clear words, the most original opinions. They talked long and freely, alluding to the most varied topics. At last the lady inquired for Anna, and Felicitas took the child in her arms, pointing out with delight the tinge of healthy color that was beginning to appear on the little one's pale cheeks.

In parting the old lady shook hands with Felicitas; her son, too, held out his right hand over the hedge, and the young girl frankly and cordially placed her own within it. Just at that moment the garden gate creaked and the professor entered. He stopped an instant, as though rooted to the spot, then slowly raised his hat and bowed. Felicitas saw a sudden flush crimson his face. The young lawyer opened his lips to address him, but he hastily turned his head away and went on to the summer-house.

"Well, that was one of his real absent-minded greetings!" said the young man, laughing, to his mother. "My good John evidently has in imagination some luckless patient under the knife, and at such times he doesn't know his best friends."

The mother and son returned to the coffee they had left on the table, while Felicitas sought shelter and shade in the garden.

CHAPTER XXII.

The tall green cypress hedges afforded admirable protection from the sun, from the wind, which for some time had been sweeping rather violently across the open lawn, and from any reproachful glances that might happen to be leveled at Felicitas from the summer-house. She knew the pro-

essor's face far too well not to be aware that he had been angry and irritated, but not absent-minded. She thought, too, that she knew the cause of his displeasure. He required the most implicit obedience to his medical directions, and from Rosa's description of his practice in Bonn, was accustomed to have his wishes strictly respected. He had repeatedly—and finally with extreme irritation—forbidden Felicitas to carry little Anna in her arms, and yet to-day he saw that she had again disregarded his command. At least this was the only way she could explain the look of angry astonishment he had cast at her as he entered the garden.

Felicitas took her seat on a bench upon the dam. Here grew a lonely birch-tree, the elastic boughs, drooping downward from the smooth white trunk, formed a sort of arbor on the bank. The wind was scarcely felt in this sheltered spot—from time to time the grasses trembled as though drawing a longer breath, and the branches awayed gently to and fro. But the stream, swollen by the recent rains, dashed raging along, its gurgling, muddy waves tearing and plucking spitefully at the roots of the hazel bushes growing on its brink.

The child, with its clumsy little fingers, gathered a quantity of wild flowers and begged Felicitas to tie the things, most of which had been broken off close to the blossom, into a short-stemmed nosegay for "Uncle Professor." The troublesome task required patience and attention—Felicitas's eyes were fixed intently upon the bouquet in her hands, and she did not see the professor come through the cypress hedge and advance swiftly toward her across the lawn. An exclamation from little Anna made her look up—he was already standing by her side. She attempted to rise, but he gently took her arm, pressing her back again, and then sat down beside her.

It was the first time that she had ever wholly lost her self-possession in his presence. Four weeks ago she would have pushed away his hand with horror and instantly left him—now she sat as though paralyzed, helpless under the spell of some magician. It vexed her that he had recently assumed so familiar a tone in speaking to her—she desired nothing more ardently than to convince him that she hated, and abhorred him as fiercely as ever—but suddenly she found that she possessed neither courage nor words to express these feelings. Her timid glance scanned his face—he looked anything but vexed or angry, the deep flush had vanished. Felicitas was provoked with herself, because she could not help owning that the power and determination expressed in the rugged features subdued her against her will.

He sat beside her several seconds in silence. Felicitas felt rather than saw that his eyes were fixed intently upon her.

"Do me the favor, Felicitas, to take that hideous thing off your head," he said at last, in a tone that was almost gay, and, without waiting for the young girl's permission, he gently seized her hat by the brim and flung the shabby, ugly affair contemptuously on the grass. A ray of sunlight, glided through the dancing leaves, had hitherto flickered over the black straw hat, now it rested on the girl's chestnut hair—a tress glittered like spun gold.

"There—now I can see the angry thoughts behind your brow!" he said, with a faint smile. "A battle in the dark is always uncanny to me; I want to see my enemy—and that I have to deal with a very bitter one there"—he pointed to her forehead, "I will know."

Where was this strange preface-tending? Perhaps he expected some answer from the young girl, but she remained persistently silent. Her fingers grouped haphazard the butter-

cup, field-cups, and grasses the child continually brought her. These little hands, which would not be interrupted in the task they had begun, had lost much of their brown tint during the few days spent in the retirement of her room and looked almost rosy. The professor suddenly grasped her right hand, turned it over and examined the palm—it bore traces which could not be so soon obliterated, the skin was hardened in many places. The young girl who, by the express command of her stern guardian, had been reared to servitude, had certainly done her best to prepare herself for the position in life.

Though a deep flush crimsoned Felicitas's face during this scrutiny—close examination of the palm is almost as trying to very sensitive natures as a fixed stare at the face—she regained at this moment her former resolute bearing. Quietly raising her head she looked up at him, and he let her hand fall—then he rubbed his hand over his forehead several times as if trying to find words to express some embarrassing thought.

"You liked to go to school, didn't you?" he asked, suddenly. "Intellectual occupation affords you pleasure?"

"Yes," she answered in surprise. The question seemed strange—it was so entirely unexpected. But diplomatic phrases, spite of his command of language, were foreign to this man's nature.

"Well," he continued, "I suppose you remember what I asked you to consider the other day?"

"I remember it perfectly."

"And have certainly come to the conclusion that it is a woman's duty to faithfully assist a man who desires to retrieve an error?"

Resting his elbow on his knee, he leaned forward and gazed eagerly into her face.

"Not entirely," she answered, firmly, letting the hands that held the bouquet fall into her lap, and looking full at her questioner. "I must first know what this reparation is to be."

"Evasions," he muttered—and his face darkened. He seemed to forget that he had hitherto spoken in general terms, and went on angry. "You need not be so terribly on your guard—I can assure you that the mere expression of your face would deter any one from making any superhuman demand upon you. The point in question is merely that—whatever your mysterious plan for your future may be—you should remain under my guardianship a year longer, and devote this time to the cultivation of your mind. Let me finish!" he cried, frowning and raising his voice, as Felicitas tried to interrupt him. "For once overlook the fact that it is I who am making this proposal, and remember that in providing for your intellectual development I am carrying out the wishes, nay, the express directions of my dead father."

"It is too late."

"Too late? Young as you are?"

"You misunderstand me. I wish to say that once, when a helpless child, I was forced to accept alms—compelled to submit. Now I am independent, I can work, and shall never accept even a penny that I have not earned."

The professor bit his lips, and lowered his eyelids till his eyes were almost concealed.

"I expected this objection," he answered, coldly, "for I am thoroughly aware of your indomitable pride. My plan is this. You shall enter a school—I will lend you the money, and you shall pay me back every penny later, when you are independent. I know of an excellent school in Bonn, and am the family physician of its worthy principal. You would be well instructed there, and," he added, in a slightly tremulous tone, "our eternal parting would be deferred a little while. In fourteen days my vacation will be over; I shall go back with my cousin to Bonn, and you can accompany us.

Felicitas, I begged you a short time to be good and gentle. I now repeat the entreaty. Do not obey the whispers of wounded feeling; forget—even if only for a moment—the past, and let me atone for my fault as far as possible."

Felicitas had listened with a troubled heart. As before, while relating his so-called vision, there was something alluring in the tones of his voice. He was not as mysteriously excited, but the sincere and earnest repentance, which he so frankly and gravely expressed without the least diminution of his manly dignity, touched her, though against her will.

"If I were at liberty to determine the course of my future life, I would willingly, gladly accept your offer, she said, in a more gentle tone than she had ever used to him—"but I am bound. The day I leave Frau Hellwig's house, I shall enter upon my new duties."

"Is this irrevocable?"

"Yes—my promise is sacred to me. I will never change or trifle with it, though it should entail the greatest inconveniences upon me."

He hastily rose and stepped out beyond the shade of the birch-tree.

"And may I not even be permitted to know what you intend to do?" he asked, with his face averted.

"Oh, yes," she answered, quietly. "I should have told Frau Hellwig before, if I had an opportunity. Frau Frank has engaged me as her companion."

The last few words seemed like a sudden thunder-clap. The professor turned abruptly, his face flushed crimson.

"The lady over yonder?" he asked, as though he could not believe his ears, pointing to the next garden. Then, swiftly returning to his place under the tree, he added in a resolute, imperious tone, "Dismiss that idea from your mind at once, I will never consent to it."

The young girl rose with an indignant gesture—the flowers fell unheeded to the ground.

"Your consent?" she said, proudly. "I do not need it. In two weeks I shall be free, and can go wherever I choose."

"Things have changed, Felicitas," he answered, controlling his anger. "I have more rights over you than you suppose. Years may pass before these rights expire, and even then—yes, even then it is a question whether I will release you."

"We will see about it!" she said, coldly and resolutely.

"Yes, you shall see about it. I had a long talk yesterday with Doctor Boehm, my father's most intimate friend, concerning the particulars of your reception into his house. You were confided to my father's care on the express condition that he should keep you under his protection until your father claimed you, or until some other faithful protector was found who would give you his name. My father appointed me his representative in case of his death, and I am firmly determined to maintain these conditions."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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We have for years past been favoured with contracts from members of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address BENNETT FURNISHING CO London Ont., Canada.

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LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., Nov. 3rd, 1893.

A change has come at last, and, as if to herald the opening of parliament, the weather we have been enjoying of late has been charming indeed. England at present is simply steeped in sunshine during the day, and the nights are cloudless and starlit. The strawberry season has begun again, and in some places the plants have blossomed for the third time this year.

There is a consensus of opinion here now that the extraordinary manifestations of friendliness between France and Russia evinced by the recent fetes at Toulon and Paris must be taken more or less seriously. Russia was at first cold, then coy, and finally quite affectionate. There has probably been nothing in the nature of a formal alliance between the two powers up to the present time. But no careful observer of the current of European politics would be startled to hear of such an arrangement, as a counterblast to the Triple Alliance, being arrived at in the near future. Even now people are beginning to talk of the Double Alliance. France must act with Russia and Russia wants to weaken England by getting a foothold, so to speak, in the Mediterranean. Russia may mass her troops on the German frontier, but her real target is England; and the very fact that Lord Spencer was put up the other night to allay the popular alarm shows the anxiety felt by the Government in the matter.

I hear that Lord Randolph Churchill is grievously disappointed with the results of his provincial tour. When he mapped out his programme for the recess he intended to "rouse" the country against Home Rule, but he has egregiously failed, and he purposes now to lie low for a while. It is true he has drawn large audiences—his fascinating personality is a perennial attraction to country Conservatives—but in no case has he succeeded in arousing any special enthusiasm. In more than one instance the local party managers were so chagrined at the failure of his speech that they resolved on the spot they would never ask the noble lord to visit the constituency again. There may be a great future before Lord Randolph, as his career thus far has been a succession of surprises, but for the moment his star is certainly not in the ascendant. Occasionally we have flashes of the old Randolphian humour, but these scintillations are becoming rarer, and his late speeches have been insufferably dull. His nervousness and defective articulation, which were painfully manifest to the House of Commons in the Home Rule debate, show no signs of improvement; and though he has remarkable energy and struggles hard to keep up to his old form, still even his friends admit that his utter collapse is only a question of time.

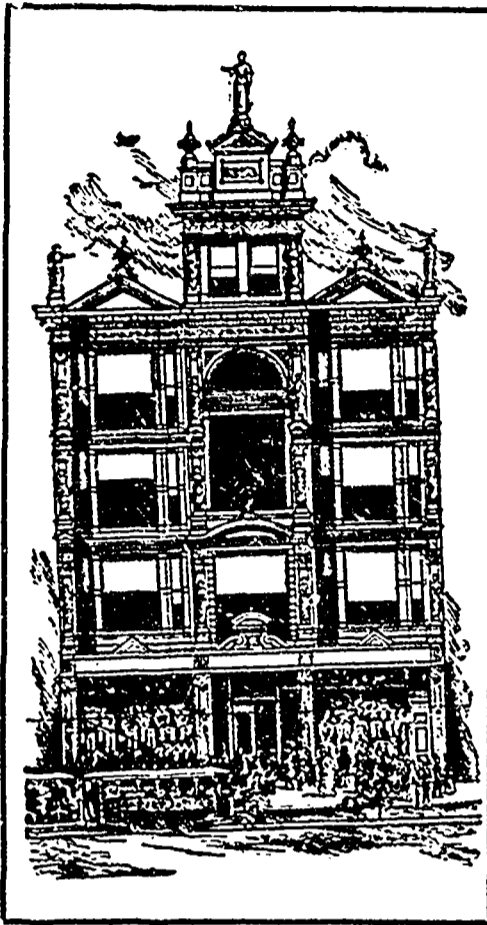
Mr. John Redmond lays great stress on what he is pleased to call emasculation of the Home Rule Bill, and declares that had Mr. Parnell lived a very different measure would have passed through the House of Commons. Mr. Redmond has amused himself by ruing the changes on this declaration since the adjournment of Parliament, varied by threats of antagonism to the Government, which have been hailed with acclamation by the Tories. Under these circumstances, therefore, Mr. O'Brien has rendered good service by reminding us that Mr. James O'Kelly, one of the most influential of the Parnellites, who did not gain a seat in Parliament at the general election, has admitted that the Bill which has received the seal and sanction of the House of Commons is a better Bill than the Bill which was accepted by Mr. Parnell in 1886. While dealing with Mr. O'Kelly it may be well to remark that not a word of carping criticism has ever escaped him on the present attitude of the Liberal Party towards Home Rule, and when the third reading of the Bill was carried he was most enthusiastic over the victory, for which he had laboured so long and had suffered so much to gain in behalf of his country.

Although Mr. O'Kelly is no longer a member of Parliament, he watches the proceedings when the House is in session from a seat in the Press Gallery, and is frequently to be seen in the lobby holding conference with his Parnellite friends. He was beaten at the last election by the small majority of fifty votes, his successful opponent being another well-known Irish journalist, Mr. M. Bodkin, who distinguished himself one summer night this year by addressing the Speaker as "Your Reverence." Mr. O'Kelly has had a most adventurous career, and his present humdrum life of a Parliamentary correspondent is not so congenial to his taste as incursions into the heart of Africa for the purpose of interviewing the Mahdi. He is a prominent figure in political circles in Dublin, and at the demonstration on the anniversary of Parnell's death he was chosen to make the oration at Glasnevin Cemetery. Some of those who were present say it was the most impressive speech they ever heard at an open air gathering.

The statement just issued with an air of authority that Mr. Gladstone has made up his mind to retire from the House of Commons at the end of this session is one of those delightful little myths which are regularly served up for the delectation of the public

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when there is a dearth of more substantial news. I am assured by those who ought to know that the Prime Minister has absolutely no plans for the future so far as he is personally concerned.

In almost the last speech he made in the House of Commons he alluded to the uncertainty of his life, and said it would be presumptuous on his part to make promises for even twelve months ahead. The wear and tear, the stress and strain of Parliamentary life seem to be a kind of elixir to Mr. Gladstone, and he positively thrives on what exhausts other people. He was fresher and more buoyant than any of his colleagues at the close of the long and weary debates on Home Rule, although the chief of the burden had fallen on his shoulders. It can not be expected in the natural order of things that the Premier will be able to carry on his incessant Parliamentary labours for any long period, but voluntary retirement is not at present in his programme.

There were no traces whatever of the turbulence of the Home Rule debates in the proceedings of the House of Commons when it met for the first time after its brief holiday. Members were scattered about the benches like plums in a poverty stricken Christmas pudding, and in the strangers' gallery there were large barren patches which would have filled a circus manager with sorrow. Even the roads by which members approach the Legislative Chamber did not contain the crowds which usually assemble there, and the Prime Minister, who was one of the first arrivals, did not receive the hearty cheer which usually greets him on his return from a holiday. The right hon. gentleman looked exceptionally robust, and, as he reclined on the Treasury Bench he did not appear to have lost any of his physical vigour by the strain of the Home Rule debates. Truth to tell, members on all sides felt a great reluctance to return to the House of Commons in November after the revels of a brief holiday, and as the division is not likely to take place this week, the attendance will for two or three days continue scarce.

As I write the Bishop of Liverpool is reported as sinking fast, and his death is hourly expected. He is well known and highly respected, and his demise will cause a wide blank in the ranks of the English episcopacy.

The Star Almanac of Montreal for 1894 is out; happy is the man who can get a copy. Thousands were disappointed last year.

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